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LA TRAHISON DES CLERCS

BY THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, D.D.

IN the April number of this Review last year Miss Dorothy L. Sayers wrote on the contempt of learning in 20th century England. She complained very justly of the atrocious vulgarity shown by such epithets of abuse as 'highbrow' and 'brainy,' and the disparaging use of the word 'intellectual.' It seems that the more the masses are educated, the less value is placed on learning. She has found that the profession of teaching is looked down upon. I have not observed this myself, and if it is true it is no new thing. Did not Demosthenes think it a supreme taunt to say to his enemy Aeschines, "*You* were a schoolmaster; *I* was a pupil?" Does not Juvenal say that nowadays boys flog their masters, instead of masters their boys?

Much of this contempt is simply the new snobbery. Nearly every writer, if he has to mention the upper and lower classes, puts the words in deprecating inverted commas. We shall soon have people giving their addresses apologetically as 'Upper' Tooting or 'High' Wycombe. Resentment is expressed if a B.B.C. lecturer reveals too plainly by his speech that he has had a public school and university education. The good old English word gentleman, which has long ago lost its adventitious connection with heraldry and property in land, is looked at askance, and such odious substitutes as 'sahib' or, still worse, 'white man,' are sometimes heard.

Such mild reprisals for early Victorian superciliousness are not to be wondered at, and are not worth commenting on. Nor do I think that the alleged increase of vulgarity is a serious charge. Vulgarity cannot go very deep in a nation so steady, courageous, and well disciplined as ours has shown itself to be. But it is true that for a highly civilized people we are badly educated. "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," is not wise advice to give to Britannia. It was Bishop Creighton who said that an Englishman has no ideas, and hates an idea when he meets one. We can find reasons for our distrust of reason. We think we have observed that the worst

mistakes are made by those who carry logic into practical affairs. We have muddled through so often that since we cannot go back to the middle age we are content to live in a meddle and muddle age. We are opportunists because in a difficult and changing world we cannot see far ahead. Negatively we are governed by an unwritten law, a dictator enthroned in our hearts, which says that certain things "are not done." In all democracies the little French word *on* has formidable power.

If we formulated our ideal of education we might say that the ideal is that we should know all that concerns us to know, in order that we may become all that concerns us to be. Learning is a means, not an end, a means towards the understanding of the absolute values, goodness, truth and beauty. In spite of the nonsense sometimes talked about Greek intellectualism, the Greeks knew this well enough. "Reasoning by itself moves nothing," says Aristotle. "The intelligent man," says Plato, "will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness and wisdom, and will less value the others." And yet wisdom must be sought for its own sake; we must not subordinate truth to morality, nor (as the Cambridge Platonists said) make our intellectual faculties Gibeonites, hewers of wood and drawers of water to the will and affections.

"Vulgarity," Robert Bridges told us, "is blindness to values; it is spiritual death." Men descend from ugly forms to ugly conduct, and from ugly conduct to ugly principles, till we arrive at the absolute ugliness which is vulgarity. This is very Platonic, but not quite fair to us, since for some occult reason we no longer express ourselves in beautiful forms. Ours is an ugly civilization; but our conduct, when we are faced with danger, is not ugly, and therefore we are not really a vulgar nation, if Bridges interprets vulgarity rightly.

The charge of despising the intellect may be justly brought against a section of the upper class. There are country houses where the library of Greek and Latin classics, of books of travel, of theology, and of bound volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*—which has been allowed to die, and the *Quarterly*, reproach the grandsons of the men who collected them. The Napoleonic war broke the tradition of international culture; there was a generation when our universities and other centres of higher education were more insular than in any part of the 17th and 18th centuries. But there were quite as many bucolic squires then as now; their faces on the walls of their houses indicate

not so much intellectual refinement as a mixture of pride and grossness.

The most popular daily newspapers, supported by the masses, are often said to be a disgrace to the country. Crime, vice, gossip and sport—are these the only things that we care about? These papers, I suppose, are read by the working man in the conveyances which take him to and from his work, and the worst of them perhaps on Sunday morning when he might be better employed. It is not the fashion in that class to read a book in the train; in America, they say, a man is stared at if he does so. But what do we of the intellectual élite do when we travel? If we are not provided with literature, we either fuddle our brains over a crossword puzzle, or we select at a bookstall a crime novel, perhaps, if we are lucky, a still unread Dorothy Sayers! It does not behove us to be censorious.

Few things have struck me more, in the course of a long life, than the advance in civilization of those who were sometimes called, in the days of my youth, the great unwashed. Their homes are neat, orderly and comfortable; their manners are courteous and pleasant; they can write excellent letters. Many of them read good books. There are at least three publishing houses which issue cheap reprints of English and foreign classics. Of these most attractive little books many million copies have been sold.

Nevertheless I think an indictment does lie, not against any social class, but against those whom it is becoming the fashion to describe by the Russian word intelligentzia. It is no doubt difficult not to be biassed by the intellectual climate of our age, which is the air that we breathe. But it is one of the aims of education to enable us to escape from this temptation. The educated man lives much among the dead; it is his business to know "the best that has been said and thought in the world;" he is the custodian of tradition, which in a revolutionary age is liable to be lost, and which fanatics are eager to destroy. Gregory the Great burnt the library of Augustus, Omar the library of Alexandria; the Germans are now burning books at Berlin and, alas, also in London. We need the priesthood of scholarship. We need men who are not afraid to be in the right with two or three. The cause of truth demands prophets and martyrs. We cannot do without a mental and spiritual aristocracy, who if necessary will die like gentlemen in a better cause than the almost worthless French aristocracy in the Terror. This last sacrifice, we may hope, will not be

demanded in this country, but even here some courage is required.

The refusal to offer incense to the idols of the tribe ought to be not too difficult, because these idols are no longer at all secure on their pedestals. They are in fact the fetishes of the day before yesterday. In reading numerous books by Continental thinkers about the present world-crisis, I have been impressed by the neglect, in almost all of them, of the English-speaking countries and all that they stand for. Count Keyserling, for example, except for one page of venomous abuse of England, deals with *La révolution mondiale* as if the British Commonwealth and the United States, which are not in a state of revolution apart from economic exhaustion, did not exist. It is assumed that democracy, liberalism, economism, internationalism, pacifism, belong only to the nineteenth century, and are now as dead as Queen Anne. I do not think that they are dead, but it should be possible for us to respect them "on this side of idolatry."

The roots of the *trahison des clercs* is to be found in modern philosophy, which has undermined the absolute value of truth. It is deplorable that Robert Browning, in whose mind an optimism of the will always contended with intellectual pessimism, should have dared to say in one of his later poems:

> Wholly distrust thy knowledge, then, and trust
> As wholly love allied to ignorance.

We find the same doctrine in Pascal; but it is treason against the Holy Spirit of truth. The organ of divine knowledge is the mind united under the guidance of its supreme faculty, which is not logic-chopping but that which the Greeks call *nous*, St. Paul *pneuma*, the Latins and schoolmen *intellectus*. Faith is not purely an act of the will, or of feeling. Hobbes may be right when he says that even the axioms of geometry would be doubted if men's interests lay in disproving them; but he does not say that they could be disproved if we thought it expedient to deny them. The philosophy called pragmatism, however, does maintain that we have a right to believe what we will at our own risk, and that truth has no meaning except as the name of what 'works.' Even Arthur Balfour speaks of "coercing the operations of reason to a fore-ordained issue," an operation which I used to try with mathematical sums, but not with the approval of my masters. But a scepticism which denies all authority to the instrument of thought has no ground on which to plant its own feet. All absolute values disappear in a disintegrating relativism.

It might have been supposed that science would not only be free from this revolt against intelligence, but would have checked it effectually, since the authority of science in the modern world is almost unlimited. But science is no longer a bulwark against irrationalism, or rather it is itself assailed and invaded by it. Aliotta's book, *The Idealistic Reaction Against Science*, brings together the various forces which are besieging the fortress from different sides. "The ruined shrines of the goddess of reason are invaded by the rebel forces of feeling, will, imagination, and every obscure and primitive instinct." Theosophy, occultism, magic and spiritualism have returned to the places from which they seemed to have been finally banished. In the last century science was supposed to speak with a clear voice; now her confidence in herself has waned. Numerous problems have arisen. Mechanism and evolution, it has now been discovered, are concepts which do not agree together. Mechanism asserts quantitative permanence and determination by mechanical law; evolution qualitative transformation which cannot be calculated mathematically. Darwinism gives us no criterion of survival-value; if treated as a philosophy it rather favours sceptical pragmatism. Biology and psychology are claiming to be guided by other laws than those which are observed by inanimate matter. Matter itself has been etherealized into a form of energy. The law of entropy, a one-way street, introduces an awkward exception into a mathematical universe, in which every process is theoretically reversible. The quantum theory makes difficulties in the theory of relativity. An expanding universe demands that the stars cannot be nearly so old as their accepted duration. But mathematics, it may be said, are above high-water-mark; they at least can admit no irrationality. But the mathematicians, annoyed by the difficulties just enumerated and others like them, now wish to cut their science loose from concrete fact. The taunt of Thomas Huxley against liberal theologians that "free from all contact with fact, theirs is the faith that no man can take from them," has come home to roost. Mathematicians and physicists are coquetting with subjective idealism. They begin with stars and atoms, regarded as real entities, and end surprisingly with mentalism. I cannot help thinking that Max Planck was right when he said "a science which denies its own objectivity has passed sentence upon itself." It must be a desperate situation which has driven our teachers to such an expedient.

The philosophy of Catholic Modernism, and of Vaihinger's

As If, and in a more moderate form of Otto's book *The Holy*, is essentially irrationalist. It rests, I think, on a misapprehension of the province of myth in religion and philosophy. The world which reason claims, says Professor Wallace in criticizing Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, is one where she may go on and never die; a world where nothing can be called unknowable, though much may remain for ever unknown; a world where, as man accumulates more and more his intellectual and spiritual capital, we shall move about more and more freely and wisely. To assault naturalism and rationalism is to strike at nature and reason. Why then does Plato, whose faith rests on the great act of faith that "the fully real can be fully known," give a large place to myth in his philosophy? It is because eternal and absolute truth can only be represented to the human mind symbolically. Perpetuity, for instance, is the time-form of eternity. "All truth," as Isaac Pennington says, "is shadow except the last; but every truth is substance in its own place, though it be but a shadow in another place; and the shadow is a true shadow, as the substance is a true substance." This is quite different from the deliberate acceptance of fiction for fact in the region where reason ought to be the arbiter. In that region we must follow that robust theologian Benjamin Whichcote, the Cambridge Platonist of the 17th century. "A man has as good a right to use his understanding in judging of truth as he has a right to use his own eyes to see the way. He that gives reason for what he saith has done what is fit to be done and the most that can be done. He that gives no reason speaks nothing, though he saith never so much."

The new psychology, with its emphasis on the unconscious and its Freudian exploration of the hidden springs of action, has been a potent support of irrationalism. That people do in fact behave irrationally is undisputed; that they must so behave and ought so to behave is an unjustifiable assumption. Whatever causes may be found for the revolt against the intellect, it has been a godsend to the new dictatorships. What Huizinga calls a deterioration of the intellectual conscience has played into their hands. "A vast and murky twilight seems to have spread over numberless minds. All the delimitations between the logical, the æsthetic and the emotional functions are professedly ignored. The abandonment of the logical principle itself is paraded as the necessary revolt against the supreme rule of reason." Such a state of things, in my opinion, has never occurred before. Neither Duns Scotus nor Kant ever thought of dethroning reason and logic. It has come to

this, as Huizinga says, that reason, which once combated faith and seemed to have destroyed it, now has to look for faith to save it from dissolution. For it is only on the foundation of a living faith in absolute truth that we can withstand the pressure of the instinctive will to live and the will to power, which Keyserling calls the telluric forces.

I have adopted the French phrase, "the treason of the scholars." We ought to be chary of imputing cowardice to men under threat of inhuman persecution, and we know that the cause of truth has had many martyrs in Germany. But I cannot help thinking that a more concerted refusal to bow the knee to Baal, a more steadfast defiance of the *instans tyrannus*, would have made the monstrous perversions of Nazi and Fascist teaching impossible. Why has there then been no effective protest against the hideous cruelties practised upon Jews, Communists, dissidents from Hitlerism, and small foreign nations attacked without the shadow of pretext? Why has it been possible to find any men of education to act as professors, judges, administrators and authors under such conditions? Is this the Germany of Goethe, Schiller, Ranke and Mommsen? How can any self-respecting person take part in the degrading adulation of the *Führer*, such grovelling flattery as has never been heard since Martial referred to an *edictum domini deique nostri*—his Lord and God being the monster Domitian? How can any educated man write pseudo-scientific treatises on the lines of German racialism? Every man who has any tincture of anthropological knowledge is aware that the whole theory of Aryan blood is pure nonsense. There are Aryan languages; there is no Aryan race. There is a Jewish religion; there is no Jewish race. The Nordic sub-species is found relatively pure in Sweden; in most other parts of Europe the population is a mixture of Nordic, Alpine (Eurasiatic) and Mediterranean, in varying proportions. In no nation is there a more complete mixture than in Germany. Even if the Germans were all as blond as Hitler, as slender as Goering, and as tall as Goebbels, they could not claim to be Nordics. The Prussians are largely Slavs, perhaps with a slight Hunnish or Tartar strain. All the great Germans have been rather broad-headed, not of the Nordic type at all. Yet this delirious nonsense is official doctrine, to be crammed down the throats of all young Germans.

There were martyrs for the truth in the days of early Christianity, and again at the time of the Reformation. There are martyrs now, strange to say, for Communism. Are men

not willing to die when it is only their intelligence and their love of truth that are being grossly insulted? If they are willing to swallow these insults do they not feel that the Gestapo and the concentration camp are an indelible disgrace to their country? Some of the clerical profession, both Catholics and Protestants, have shown courage; but a protest needs to be made for something holier than any institution, for those moral and spiritual principles of which Antigone in Sophocles says " that their life is not of to-day or yesterday, but from all time, and no man knows when they were first put forth."

In our own country there is no " treason of the scholars; " no such harsh word is necessary. But political prejudice has warped the judgment of some whose education ought to have made them immune to it. What follows is a supplement to the thesis of this article; but history and religion are too important subjects to be left without protest to be distorted by the *arbitrium popularis aurae.*

Indiscriminate abuse of the nineteenth century shows a very unbalanced state of mind. We are all inclined to put our parents' household gods on the scrap-heap; but we are less hostile to those of our grandparents, and the time is come when we may be expected to judge of the Victorian age impartially. To heap scorn upon 19th century Liberalism is to show that we are already more than half converted to Fascism. The historian will certainly regard the century of hope as the century of unparelleled achievement. In that kind of progress which can be measured by statistics no age can compare with the Victorian. Wherever the so-called bourgeois culture prevailed, sexual morality was higher than it had ever been before. It was at that time that " the word of an Englishmen " became a proverb for trustworthiness all over the world. It is not a good sign when English writers borrow from Marxists the words ' bourgeois ' and ' proletarian,' which have no appropriateness whatever to the conditions in our country.

In Catholic countries the authority of the Roman Church, and certain cultural traditions, are strong enough to discourage successfully the silliest fads and superstitions which flourish luxuriantly in England and America. In France the Academy keeps a watch on literary production and criticism, though the fine arts are left without protection. With us there is no protection. We have criticasters who write about the " stink and belch of Tennyson;" who tell us that a certain Ezra Pound is a great poet and Milton a bad one; we have painters and sculptors who give us women with green hair, and

men who appear to be suffering from elephantiasis. Nothing is left undone to insult the traditions of civilized humanity and the sense of beauty which is one of the attributes under which the Deity reveals himself to man. There are protests of course; but they are too weak to be effective.

Even in scientific studies I think political prejudice is impeding the work of the Eugenics Society, in which I have been interested since its foundation. Without going so far as Chesterton, who seems to have thought that a carthorse might win the Derby, there have been attempts on the part of some who should have known better to impugn the motives of the older eugenists. I have long thought that Sir Francis Galton underestimated the influence of environment and opportunity on the careers of members of distinguished families; but I am sure that there has never been any wish (in the cumbrous phrase of an Italian scientist) to identify the psycho-physical élite with the economic élite. Science should be very distrustful of the platform.

But it is in the history of Christianity that these prejudices seem to me to be doing most mischief. I am not thinking of the court-chaplains of King Demos, who toady the Labour party as they would have toadied the oligarchs a hundred and fifty years ago. Institutions are always on the same side, the winning side; and as power is always abused, institutions are generally on the wrong side. But I find the same tendency to misrepresent the birth of Christianity in such influential writers as Arnold Toynbee and H. G. Wells. Toynbee divides society into " proletarians " and " dominant minorities," although it is surely plain that the Western democracies are now great middle class societies. The British workman is not a proletarian, and unless he is a Communist would strongly object to be called one. He is, in Marxism jargon, a *petit bourgeois*. Karl Marx, as Bernard Shaw says, has never touched him at all. But what of Christianity, which Toynbee calls a proletarian creed? It has never been this at any time. The Galileans were a well-educated and upstanding peasantry —farmers, fishermen, artisans and tradesmen. Christ regarded their way of life, with which He was most familiar, as the most desirable. There was no capitalism in Palestine, but there were usurers and misers, whom Christ, though He made friends with them, called not thieves but fools. He stood quite aloof from social questions, and frankly despised all the paraphernalia of life. When the new religion entered the Hellenistic world, it made converts chiefly among the middle class in the

towns. St. Paul's epistles were not written for illiterates. Before the end of the first century there were Christians in all classes including the relatives of the imperial house. The Epistle of St. James, which unlike the other books of the New Testament is bitterly class-conscious, complains that the rich took the best seats in what he oddly calls "your synagogue." There would be nothing derogatory to Christianity if it arose among the submerged tenth; but historically it happens to be quite untrue. Pliny in Bithynia found Christians in all classes. After the second century it becomes ridiculous to think of the Christians as 'proletarians.' Clement was an accomplished man of letters; Origen the most learned man of his time. The Roman government distrusted the church as an independent organization, a thing always objectionable to dictators; the populace hated the Christians as a "third race," social aliens who would not be assimilated. But even their enemies never thought of them as social revolutionaries. They were certainly not patriotic before the conversion of Constantine; but even Christians could not be expected to be enthusiastic supporters of a government which periodically threw them to the lions.

Christianity has always been a revolutionary idealism, which estranges conservatives because it is revolutionary, and revolutionaries because it is idealistic. It demonetizes the world's currency, and abolishes all men-made barriers by ignoring them. It has its own standard of values, which is entirely alien to modern economism as professed by those unfriendly twins of the same family, capitalism and socialism. Now that the continent of Europe is trying to reconstitute society on a non-economic basis, and now that the acquisitive career is on the way to be barred both in Europe and America, the prospects are favourable for a consideration of the Christian standard of values. But if the Church is dragged into politics, if a sloppy socialism is dubbed Christian economics, we shall be entangled with the moribund controversies of the last century, and we shall lose a great opportunity of helping to save society from dissolution.

We must eschew firmly the vulgar democratic habit of counting votes instead of weighing them. Some of our churchmen are gravely perturbed because there is no great crowd trying to enter by "the narrow gate." They should read the Gospels. From their point of view Christ was the most discouraging teacher who ever lived. The worship of size and large numbers is one of the worst delusions of our time. Quantity never yet produced anything valuable. We owe far

more to the City States than to the great empires; Palestine, Athens, medieval Italy, Elizabethan England have lighted the torches which shall never be put out. Russia and China, and even the United States, have created comparatively little.

To sum up. The revolt against the intellect is treason to humanity; it can only lead to progressive barbarization. It must be stemmed by the scholars in all countries, who must not be afraid to magnify their office. Theirs, as I have said, is a priesthood, with the responsibilities of a teaching class, and the willingness to suffer for speaking the truth, rather than that the truth should suffer for want of their speaking. They are in a far better position to know than the politicians. Who were the true political prophets in the Victorian age? Lord Acton, George Meredith, Matthew Arnold, not Sir Charles Dilke, who enumerated the great Powers of the future and omitted Germany. Democratic countries above all need an intellectual and spiritual aristocracy. But it must speak with charity, not with pride, and with a view to what is possible for human society as it is and as it will be. The essentials, besides charity, are disinterestedness, courage and wisdom.

THE FUTURE OF ITALIAN EAST AFRICA

By Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn

ITALIAN East Africa is now for all practical purposes in our hands, and is likely to remain our responsibility for a long time, possibly for years before its future can be decided in the final peace settlement.

In a country which presents so many problems and which contains so many elements of unrest is it, however, wise or necessary to accept the burdens and dangers entailed by a long period of uncertainty? Would it not be well, now, to make up our minds, at least on broad lines, as to the solution of the problems involved and, as far as possible, adapt temporary measures to our conception of the final settlement?

The Government so far has announced only two guiding principles:

(*a*) that we have no territorial ambitions and

(*b*) that we shall restore the independence of Ethiopia under Haile Selassie's rule.

That, however, still leaves in doubt the future of the two Italian Colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland, and also the extent of the restored Ethiopian Empire.

The future of the two Colonies would seem to present fewest difficulties. We make no claim to them and no one, I think, would advocate that they should be included in Ethiopia. Therefore when Mussolini's régime has been overthrown, there seems no valid reason why they should not revert to Italy under suitable conditions. One of these conditions might be the concession of the Port of Assab to Ethiopia. It is, I think, generally accepted that the Italians, until Mussolini embarked on an aggressive policy, had a very creditable record in these Colonies. They treated their native subjects with consideration and they proved enterprising in their projects for developing the limited possibilities of the territories. Italy certainly has need of colonies, and the Italian peasant is willing to engage in manual labour alongside natives, and under tropical conditions which few other Europeans could stand. The fact that native troops have fought gallantly and loyally

under Italian leaders testifies to the good relations between the officers and men.

Under these circumstances, so far as the two colonies are concerned, there seems no reason why they should not when disarmed be treated as occupied countries; making use of Italian officials under sufficient supervision to ensure adequate safeguards. A small police force, partly at least officered by Italians, should suffice for internal security and the maintenance of law and order. In Somaliland there is certainly no case for transfer of territory to Ethiopia for the natives have no racial connection with the Abyssinians, who are in fact their hereditary enemies.

In Eritrea, where a part of the population has racial and religious affinities to the Abyssinians, it may be thought that transfer of territory would be justified; but the colony was established before Abyssinia was consolidated under Menelik's rule, and so long ago that a disturbance of the *status quo* might only lead to trouble, especially as the Mohammedan section of the population would probably resent Abyssinian rule.

The future of Ethiopia itself presents more difficult problems and, I think, deserves objective consideration, free from sentiment and unprejudiced by the sympathy which the Italian attack on Abyssinia excited. There can be no question, of course, that the Emperor Haile Selassie's position and the independence of Ethiopia must be re-established; but, I think, the question does arise how much of the territory conquered by Menelik actually constitutes an integral part of Ethiopia. As regards those provinces inhabited by people who have always been reckoned as Abyssinian, such as Tigre, Gojjam, Gondar and Shoa, the position is clear. The Harar province and the Galla districts of South-West Abyssinia, which were absorbed into Menelik's kingdom without opposition—or at least without destructive wars—may also be included in Ethiopia proper without hesitation. Menelik's conquests, however extended his dominion over wide areas where the population had no affinities with the Abyssinians, either in language, religion, or mode of life. In some cases where resistance was offered conquest meant that whole districts were devastated, and what were euphemistically termed prisoners of war were carried off into slavery. Since then the remaining inhabitants have been treated as subject races; in some instances, as in the case of the nomadic Somali tribes, they pay tribute; in others they are kept in subjection by Abyssinian military posts maintained in what are, or till recent years were, practically

slave settlements. Some thirty-five years ago I had occasion to travel through many of these districts, and the signs of devastation caused by Menelik's wars were appalling. On the Arussi plateau, for example, which lies between the head waters of the Webi Shebeli and Juba tributaries, and which connects the main Abyssinian plateau with the western end of the Harar highlands, one passed through a depopulated region which had formerly been thickly inhabited, as could be seen from traces of old village sites. In fact, I was told, formerly there had been so much cultivation that mule caravans passing through had to muzzle their animals to prevent damage to crops growing alongside the track. That I cannot vouch for, but I can testify that for miles there was nothing but rank grass and evil-smelling marigolds to be seen, with at frequent intervals, the remains of charred timbers. Further west on the route between Lake Rudolf and Addis Ababa, till one reached the amazingly fertile and populous district of Jimma, there were considerable military posts such as Maji, Anderacha and Sherada, with black slaves cultivating ground in their vicinity, but in between nothing but desolation. It was these frontier districts, which I believe Menelik hoped would furnish a buffer limiting the expansionist tendencies of his European neighbours, that have, in my opinion, proved an unfortunate legacy to his successors. They have been the cause of many frontier incidents, and of much friction even with friendly disposed neighbours. The military frontier posts, far removed from central control, either with or without the acquiescence of their commanders, all too frequently furnished the raiding parties that crossed the ill-defined and often unpoliced frontiers in search of loot, whether cattle, ivory or slaves. The last of course was the most serious offence, but as a rule it took place on the Kenya and Sudan frontiers where the peoples provided the best material for the slave market.

It was of course these frontier districts which the Hoare-Laval proposals aimed at bringing under Italian control, though the proposals were made under unfortunate circumstances and, to my mind, they suggested a somewhat unworkable condominion. But they had considerable basic justification, as a section of informed and unprejudiced opinion recognized. The question is whether the Hoare-Laval proposals, under more propitious circumstances and in modified form, might not with advantage be revived? Does not the approaching settlement of East African problems afford a

favourable opportunity to relieve the Emperor Haile Selassie of part at least of the embarrassing legacy he inherited?

I am in no position to make concrete suggestions, the best I can hope to do is to make certain suggestive points and I certainly do not argue that the Emperor should relinquish his claim on any part of his former dominion without adequate compensation in one form or another. It does seem to me, however, that in his own interests and in those of his former subject races he would be well advised not to drive too hard a bargain or to claim too obstinately the return of all his former possessions. He has wisely intimated his intention of accepting European guidance and assistance in the reconstruction of his country and I trust he is prepared to give effect to his intention in a broad sense. Points that appeal to me are that he is likely, over a considerable period, to have difficulties in re-establishing his position in Abyssinia proper, where a number of his subordinate rulers, after failing in their loyalty during the Italian war, may be on their guard and suspicious of the re-established régime. Under those conditions restoration of control in outlying areas could hardly be satisfactorily accomplished, and with the country full of "shifta" bands, probably much better armed and in every way more formidable than ever before, the recurrence of serious frontier incidents is not improbable. Would it not be advisable to allow those districts adjoining Italian territory, and where the inhabitants are non-Abyssinian, to remain under Italian control permanently in exchange for a fair consideration? The question whether the Somali tribes should be under European, or as formerly, partly under European and partly under Abyssinian control is especially important. In the frontier areas adjoining British territory, where the inhabitants are more backward and less homogeneous in race, immediate reversion to Abyssinian rule is certainly undesirable; and there as a temporary measure, British control might be established pending the training of responsible Abyssinian officials and a disciplined police.

Even if the Emperor agreed in principle to certain territorial sacrifices, temporary or permanent, final decision as to where the frontier should be drawn must of course await ultimate peace settlements. If, however, Italy were granted an extension of territory, compensation to Abyssinia would naturally be given, and might take the form of an indemnity, paid in the first instance to an appropriate international body, to be used on approved measures for the development of Ethiopia—just as

the Boxer indemnity has been employed in China. Ethiopia is, and must always remain, a poor country. A primary object should therefore, I suggest, be to relieve her of unnecessary expenditure on armaments and administration and to provide her with capital to advance her cultural and economic condition. She will derive certain benefits from the period of Italian occupation, such as the construction of roads and the establishment of training centres designed to introduce improved agricultural methods; but much remains to be done. Possibly the failure of the Italians to find indications of the reputed potential mineral or oil wealth of Abyssinia may prove not the least of the benefits derived if it relieves her of the activities of concession hunters.

It should be realized that, though we may hope that the continuance of Abyssinian independence is assured, there is less assurance that she will always find a ruler as enlightened as Haile Selassie; and, in particular, that provincial governors, with their hereditary and feudal traditions, will not easily accept the standards of a higher civilization. Everything points to the desirability of a policy of gradualness if a reaction against reforms is to be avoided.

What will be the future of the Italian colonists who have been settled in Abyssinia? There would seem to be a case for allowing them to remain if they are willing. They would not be a source of danger, for we may safely assume that the Italian people, when they have rid themselves of Mussolini, will have had enough of Colonial wars. On the other hand, they might prove a valuable factor in the development of the country, either as agriculturists or artisans. When one recalls how after the disaster of Adowa good relations between Italy and Abyssinia were, in an astonishingly short time, and over a long period re-established, it is reasonable to hope that, even the massacre in Addis Ababa, following the attempt on Graziani's life, will not result in permanent embitterment. I have no pro-Italian sympathies and what I have written is inspired solely by what I feel is in Abyssinian interests and in those of their subject races and neighbours.

Finally I would add that though the future of the French colony of Jibuti is clearly connected with the future of Ethiopia and of the Italian colonies, it obviously is a question which must be postponed until the final peace settlement takes place.

A PLEA FOR INDIA

By Arthur Moore

HUMANITY is on the march and old mottoes that seemed to serve so well in more static times draw no adequate response. In the pause between two wars those who preferred the *status quo* tried and failed. Compare the ill-success of Mr. Baldwin's "safety first" and of Mr. Chamberlain, who slid to Armageddon with a declaration that he would not have the business life of the country interfered with and an unsought pledge that he would not introduce conscription, with the response to Mr. Churchill's rousing call to sacrifice, his open offer of blood and sweat and tears.

Yet in those sunset years of an old era while we played for safety Great Britain in the name of Empire continued to accept burden after burden as a theoretical obligation. Colony after colony asserted its right to self-government and grew to Dominion stature. But while others claimed and entered on their rights, Great Britain in theory collected new duties, pledged herself to new responsibilities. The British taxpayer was committed to the defence of Australasia, South Africa and Canada, as well as of India. After the war he was first pledged to a collective share in the defence of all countries against aggression; when this liability disappeared in a common default he became specifically pledged to the defence of a succession of European countries ending up in a torrent of pledges to an already dismembered Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, and Greece.

There seemed no end to the piling up of obligations and little effort to prepare to fulfil them if necessary. Indeed the obligations were so staggering that coldly considered fulfilment was well nigh impossible. In the Empire the emphasis was on rights rather than duties. The Dominion citizen like the Metropolitan citizen woke up in war and never counted the cost when it came. He answered the call of Britain. But in peacetime he left the main part of the financial burden to the British taxpayer, and he was keenly interested in asserting his political and economic independence. The limit of assertion

short of actual disruption was reached a few years ago in the *Statute of Westminster*. That acknowledged the right of different parts of the Commonwealth to remain neutral when others were at war. In effect it conferred the right of secession. It was in essence a denial of the meaning of the words "common wealth," and provided for a conflict of interests in matters of life and death. It is now fairly obvious that in a world where force still rules the *Statute of Westminster* is an avenue to destruction. The new trend is away from this dangerous outer circumference where national sovereignties assert themselves aggressively towards some federal centre of safety, where members of a commonwealth will by consent vest some portion of their separate national sovereignties, and the part will find new satisfactions in the whole. But meanwhile in the furnace of war the Dominions fully realize their responsibilities and these have become more engrossing than their rights. In man power and in industry they are striving to develop their utmost potential strength.

In India the position has been different from that of the Dominions.

There Great Britain retained a strong political control and a direct responsibility for defence. Economic control slipped away, and India acquired the tariff-making power. But because of Britain's control India did pay such sums for her defence and did furnish such forces as Britain decided was required, and consequently more than in the Dominions politicians concentrated upon rights to be asserted rather than on responsibilities to be shouldered. In the matter of defence India fell between two stools. As in the Dominions everybody took it for granted that at any rate the major part of the naval burden must be borne by Britain. As regards the air and the land, since India had no voice in decisions her politicians were merely interested in protesting against the size of the military budget. The idea that the country could be in danger did not occur to them, and its defence was felt to be purely a British responsibility. The British held the same view. British apathy concerning the air tended to become reflected in India. Since there was no controlling Parliament in India and no large interested public the Indian Army was rooted more firmly in tradition, and in the struggle between the horse and the machine the horse proved a powerful vested interest.

What we have to recognize to-day is that no more than Britain can go on distributing pledges and undertaking responsibilities in Europe from Portugal to Poland and from Brussels

to Istanbul, Cairo and Baghdad, no more than she can accept major responsibility for the Dominions can she go on accepting responsibility for the defence of four hundred million people in the heart of Asia, even though she still has the power to tax them for defence and to raise troops in the country. The menace is too serious and immediate; the numbers of men, the development of resources and the sums of money required are such as the British Government operating from thousands of miles away has never contemplated and cannot contemplate. No Government at once remote and racially different could call forth the effort or raise the sums necessary to save the country. We have by some means to get the source of Government, the seat of power on to the soil of India. India has at the same time to avoid in this hour of danger the disruptive centrifugal tendencies of the fatal twenties which produced the *Statute of Westminster*. How near those tendencies and that disastrous Statute came to enabling the totalitarian countries to overrun the British Commonwealth as Hitler has overrun Europe, coercing each country separately in turn, we shall some day realize. Suffice it now to point to the fact that the *Statute of Westminster* has reduced Eire to impotence and poverty, and that what was supposed to be the charter of independence has in the day of stress revealed the root reality of Eire's dependence, the necessity for interdependence.

The solution in India, the establishment of an indigenous Government, the healing of internal sores, the leap to nationhood in the hours of danger, the fulfilment of Britain's mission, the culmination of her work can only come through the Viceroy. When I speak of the Viceroy I do not envisage him as a Governor General devitalized by the *Statute of Westminster*, but as the living channel of the Kingly power, as Dominion Governors General were ten years ago. Only through the Viceroy can that joint responsibility of a Government alike to the Crown and to the people which is the essence of the British Constitution ever be obtained. Always the intervention of the British Parliament must inevitably prevent this. The most "liberal" Secretaries of State have in the past often proved the greatest dictators and the worst enemies of the development of the sense of responsibility in India. The Mesopotamian Report placed a large share of the blame for the appalling breakdown in the last war on the India Office which deprived the Viceroy of all initiative and compelled him to leave affairs in the inefficient hands of his councillors. The system broke down in the last war; it is not working well in

this war. But you will not in wartime obtain a better Government to replace the existing system by bargaining with party leaders, getting them to make some terms, and calling the resulting coalition a National Government. To begin with, all efforts to strike such bargains have so far failed. To go on with the fact that people wish to bargain their services to their country in wartime against political concessions for their party or community means that those people put the less important things in the first place and are therefore not best suited for wartime leadership. In any case experience in Britain and other countries proves that peacetime party figures are rarely the best constituents for national governments in war. They serve a purpose in producing the coalition, but as the war becomes more strenuous a considerable proportion of them are generally replaced by new men who are not party figures. In India to get the efficient war Government the Viceroy, not the parties, must have a free hand. But to get that Government he must draw upon the Princes, the Moslems, the Congress, the industrialists, the labour leaders, and if it were understood that the control of Parliament had ended and that Dominion Status had arrived his appeal for service to save the country from the enemy would be answered.

There are some who sincerely deny the necessity for change. They think that the present bureaucratic machine is reasonably efficient for war, and that a more Indian and popular Government would probably be less so. This is a large question into which I cannot attempt to go in great detail here. But I would point to the complete failure to establish an Indian Air Force before the war, the war, the lack of encouragement given to an Indian merchant marine, the unwillingness to mechanize the army or provide the essential motor industry. It was Indians themselves who created the steel industry and not till it had proved its inestimable value in the last war did it get any State encouragement.

Lest I be accused of being wise after the event I may be allowed to say that I have for many years in the Indian Legislature and elsewhere argued our totally inadequate preparation for modern war, the necessity for mechanization, for a real aviation, and for large scale industrial planning. In seven budget sessions 1927—1933 I pleaded in vain for a modern outlook on war.

While I was drawing attention in the Assembly to the increasing size of the Air Estimates in Britain and the rapid alteration of the proportionate size of Army and Air Force

expenditure I was elsewhere writing after the advent of Hitler in January, 1933, that the Home estimates themselves were utterly inadequate, and that on such a basis it was a sheer gamble to suppose that in a common emergency Britain would be able to reinforce India in the air. Since then the Home Air figures have gradually risen to a colossal size, but the Air establishment in India remained practically stationary.

It may seem incredible now, but these things were said last year in time of war by the present Government of India. They evoked strong criticism which combined with the collapse of France to induce some revision of plans, and a promise to raise the Indian Air Force from one to four Squadrons, a promise which is being carried out at a leisurely pace. I am very unwilling to criticize the Government in time of war, but I have perhaps said enough to make it clear that an alteration of system is required not so much for the sake of placating politicians as to ensure that India shall make in this war the efforts that must be made if she is to be saved from partition as a spoil amongst the totalitarian powers and to become a nation. She needs not compliments or concessions, but a stern clear call to duty, to the sweat and tears in which her sons will realize their manhood.

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There is at present a great geographical gulf between Britain and India. Except for the use of the telegraph, we have slipped right back to the eighteenth century. The air mail and the fortnight's journey by P. & O. have alike disappeared. No wives and children come home in the hot weather nor are any likely to go out in the cold. The few voyagers whose duty calls them East or West go in general round the Cape and spend nearly as much time afloat or ashore as did an earlier generation in sailing ships. Some who are in a hurry find, as I did, that the longest way round is the shortest way home. Using only flight as a means of transport and spending twelve days and three whole nights in the air, I left Calcutta on February 15, and landed in England on March 13. My route was Rangoon, Kunming, Hong Kong, Manila, Guam, Wake, Midway, Honolulu, Los Angeles, New York, Lisbon, England. I had to wait a week for the Atlantic Clipper at New York, and six days at Lisbon for a passage on a flying-boat. Many are not so fortunate, as there is great congestion in Lisbon.

This new time-lag in communications other than telegraphic is highly important. In the midst of a terrible war when people in India read continually of enemy bombing, of wide-

spread destruction in London and other great cities, of the Atlantic war, of sinkings in African waters, and battles in the Mediterranean basin there is a new sense of isolation. Amongst the British in India there is of course intense anxiety concerning friends and relatives, and a sense of remoteness and frustration. In the Indian mind the sense of isolation produces not so much a sense of independence as of the unreality of dependence. Speeches in Parliament, pronouncements on India by the British Government never now get a good press in the Indian papers however well-intentioned they are, because they are felt not to correspond to reality. Indians have probably at no time in the last hundred years felt their country as much alone in the world as they do now, or felt the need of interdependence so much. The cry for independence still goes up, but independence in the sense of isolation never looked less attractive. Nevertheless semi-isolation is a fact. India is developing in the war new defensive and economic connections with Australasia, Malaya, and South Africa, but from Britain less comes to India than before, and so far India's rôle in the war has generally been treated alike by the official world and the Indian press as one of helping Britain. When in the summer of 1939, and again in the summer of 1940, on the assumption that a long war lay ahead the Government of India was urged to plan at once a great expansion of air power, to create an aircraft industry and other industries which would enable us to be self-reliant in mechanized war the reply was that the Home Government asked for none of these things, that the Government of India's duty was to meet every demand made upon it by the Home Government, and that further than that no one could think of going. It was considered a great triumph that never once had Simla failed to produce what Whitehall wanted. Figures for cartridges, machine guns, and equipment showed how much more we were producing than in the last war, and how every demand was being met. But the idea that we in India instead of merely sending out what was called for should set out to exploit every resource we have got and set no limit to our production did not bite. Not till the late autumn of 1940 did we get the useful Eastern Group Supply Conference, and only now are we getting a permanent Eastern Supply Council. And still the business men find that the bureaucratic system prevents their own efforts from bearing fruit.

That is on the official side. On the other side it has been the same. The Princes and the Ministers in the Provinces where there are autonomous Governments still talk of helping

Britain. The Congress Press discussing the war in terms of system prevents its own efforts from bearing fruit.

Think then how unreal the pronouncements in Parliament upon India sound. Indians of all shades feel that Britain can to-day do little for them. It is on the contrary they who are asked to do something for Britain. And they have an uneasy feeling that the war is coming to them, that their isolation and their danger are rapidly increasing, that they are distracted and divided, that nobody is determined to close their ranks, and, worst of all that they have no one who is determined to rally the country and to get out of it every ounce of manhood and to organize it for production so that it shall save itself. Instead we have pronouncements which assume that Britain is still the unassailable shield of India, that a Parliament at the other side of the world must direct her destiny and decide her future, and that all the war effort required is an Indian division here and another there and such cartridges and shells as the War Office may order. If Dominion Status is the recognition of a state of things which has already come into existence surely it is time to recognize that Parliament's control of India to-day rests on little but the fact that Indian parties put forward separately and not together the demand that it shall cease. If, though, disagreeing in all else they were to unite in their demand for freedom from control, as Greeks, Bulgars and Serbs united against the Turks in 1912, Parliamentary control would stand revealed as an illusion. If we persist in our present refusal to recognize a status corresponding to a state of affairs which has in fact arrived, we shall end by producing effective agreement in demanding that the control of the British Parliament shall cease.

What are the root facts of the Indo-British situation? Consider two things. First we have for years treated the coming into being of an adequately united great Indian nation as desirable, possible, and indeed inevitable. Like the carrot held in front of the donkey by his rider to make him willing to co-operate, self-government has dangled in front of Indians. We have given proof of good faith by developing self-governing institutions, and finally by inaugurating full provincial self-government, and devising the constitution for a federal centre.

But here is the second fact. Always we have said and could give grounds for saying—that the time when self-government at the centre could be safely given without disrupting India had not arrived. Always there are people who say " some day this may be possible, but not now." They subscribe to a future

ideal of a self-governing India but they will always oppose each advance in self-government.

Now the main justification of British policy in India is that there has been sense in both these attitudes.

But at a time when we are fighting for our lives, and when as far as India is concerned there can be no question of having to hold her down and the question is how she too is to pull her weight and save herself, we have to find the solution of these two conflicting attitudes. The solution arises from the nature of the crisis and is inherently right and simple. For surely it is clear that if India is ever to feel herself a nation, ever to respond effectively to all those passionate longings of millions of Indians for their country, and those ideals worked for by Britons who have served her, that time is now, when she is threatened with destruction. If those four hundred millions can find no common soul, develop no leadership to stir them to resist brutal conquerors who have already prostrated Europe and mangled China and seek the absolute mastery of the world, then clearly they are never likely to be capable of nationhood. In that case all that we have said and done politically in relation to India would be just nonsense. We should have been working for a future which could never come to pass. In short, unless we can realize the dream now, it must fade forever. And since few things are less likely than that after this war Great Britain will continue to be able to go on being responsible for the Government and defence of a country of four hundred millions in the middle of Asia, there would be nothing before us and Indians but the inevitable disruption of India. Now therefore is the appointed time, now is the day of salvation. The war is for India and Britain the golden opportunity of welding India into a nation, and since all nations are learning that they cannot stand alone, out of the war must come a federation of nations.

For India, as for the British Commonwealth of Nations up-to-date, the Crown is the key; through Kingship combined with self-government the dilemma can be resolved. If we will now end the control of the British Parliament and vest responsibility alike to the King-Emperor and to the people of India in the King's Viceroy, instead of in the British Parliament, and if the Viceroy were then to proclaim a national emergency in which all men must be prepared to serve as and when required in order to save India from destruction, and to help save China and all other countries, he would be in a position to form the equivalent of a federal Cabinet. Not by bargaining with

parties but by summoning the best men to serve their country and accepting no refusal will such a Cabinet be found. How indeed could a good man refuse? He who refused would write himself down as unworthy to have been asked, and be revealed as either a self-seeker or a weakling, or a would-be profiteer.

(Mr. Moore is editor of one of the best known Indian papers.)

THOMPSON v. LINDBERGH

By Dorothy Thompson

I AM not a nationalist, nor have been for as long as I can remember thinking. I believe I am a patriot, but the barriers between mankind that artificially shut off one portion of the human race from the others, seemed to me to be growing higher and higher after the last war, for no conceivable reason except the selfish or short-sighted political economic interests of certain groups. I wished, for instance, to help the German Republic. I did not believe that Mr. Coolidge's or Mr. Hoover's, or Herr Cuno's way was the right way. For a long time I have thought and written about the Balkanization of Europe, about the folly of the reparations and the war debts, about the impossibility of reconstructing Europe with new heavy-interest-bearing loans imposed upon already debt-ridden economies, about the stupidity of disintegrating the economic structure of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and of a large part of the whole Continent. And I have never been able to accept the idea that a nation was, by definition, outside any enforceable law, and national sovereinty *carte blanche* to the commission of any crime.

I have expected for years that the blindness and folly of nations and men would bring about apocalyptic upheaval in my lifetime. I have believed since 1931—I think it was about then, in the midst of the world depression, that it began to be quite clear to me—that nationalistic capitalism plus international political anarchy would result in breakdown, out of which almost anything could emerge. I believe that we are at the end of an epoch, and that the world will never again be put together in the pattern of the nineteenth century and the first decades of the twentieth.

I have faith that out of all the blood and chaos of these times may come a new and better era.

I hoped that it might come everywhere by peaceful transition everywhere—but I doubted it.

I believe that this war is an incident in a world-wide revolution.

I believe that the capitalist system, as we have known it, is bound to undergo radical modification: indeed, *is* undergoing it at every stage. I can accept this with equanimity because the capital system is not one of the things that I am prepared to live or die for.

As for democracy—if a preposterous tangle of pressure groups and their agents, plus professional politicians who live by serving them, is political democracy, then I am not willing to live or die for that, either. If social democracy means the subservience of culture to money or to the dictatorship of mass taste as the only source of profit on culture run for profits; if it means the jungle of ruthless competition and shady deals that block our economic life; if it means the treatment of labour as a commodity to be bought and sold on the market, and subject in an almost complete inter-dependent society to a magical "law" called the Business Cycle; if it means a maze of legalisms in which law is mocked and crime flourishes; if it means impotent plutocracy plus a self-satisfied, snug, bridge-playing, golf-playing, automobile-riding upper middle class, plus a shackled intelligentzia living off its wits instead of having a really dignified place in real life; if it means a congeries of dictatorships—of bureaucrats over all of us, employers over unions, corrupt union bosses over workers, politicians over policies,—to name only a few; if it means idle workers full of frustrations and humiliations—if this is the whole sum of it, then what person in his right mind would not herald its inevitable decline and fall? But it is not the whole of it—by a long shot.

If the failure to make any half-way reasonable and intelligent organization of the world results in starvation in one corner of this very small planet and unusable surpluses in another; if families are crowded into slums and ghettos here, and wide spaces in tolerable climates are almost empty there; and if all this pressure and inequilibrium result perennially in wars which merely put another nation or another class on top—who will live or die for this society, by whatever name it calls itself?

"A wind is rising and the river flows!" With these prophetic words an American poet and seer, Thomas Wolfe, writing wildly against untimely death, closes his last and most mature work. Yes, there *is* a Wave of the Future.

Now Mrs. Lindbergh in a recent book implies all of this and finds the Wave of the Future in Russia, Germany and Italy. "These nations have leaped on the Wave." But surely she is on very insecure ground. First of all, we ought to be very

careful about interpreting political and social movements in the terms of natural phenomena. Communism, Fascism, Nazism are not "waves." They are not floods or tides. They are undertakings of men, for specific purposes, governed by definite aims and dominated by definable ideas. They are not natural forces, and to treat them as natural forces induces a feeling of fatality—one can do more about them than one can about earthquakes. It is true, that certain social symptoms that indicate the decay or breakdown of existing institutions, imply that change is at hand, and it is true that refusal to observe the symptoms may lead to catastrophic developments, but it is precisely the function of thought to make such observations, and to think how we can make necessary changes with the least destruction of timeless values.

Mrs. Lindbergh is right in saying that she does not think "the problems of the world to-day can be solved as most enthusiasts claim . . . or that those who write and talk have ultimate revelation." Yet her "Faith" that Communism, Nazism, and Fascism are the "wave of the future" partakes of the nature of ultimate revelation, for nowhere in her book does she produce any reasons for thinking so. On the contrary, she casts doubts upon every intellectual approach to the solution of complicated problems. She denounces the "arrogant intellectuals." She advocates a "Faith," but a faith must have foundations, and for the life of me, I cannot find out either what her "Faith" is, or what its foundations are. I observe rather her lack of Faith in existing faiths and institutions—in "the sacredness of property, the infallibility of the democratic way of life, the efficiency of the capitalist system . . . the goodness of God, the equality of Man, and the Christian ethical code."

I am unable, whether I trust my instinct or my intellect or that combination of them which is intelligence, to lump these things all together in this fashion. It is true that all have come in question in our society, but that fact does not make them of equal value. Capitalism and Christianity do not, for instance, have equal value in my mind; the sacredness of property and the democratic way of life are not of equal value. I am a democrat and a Christian. I think we have not even yet approximated the promise of democracy or the spirit of Christ in our society. One thing in the way is the existing *structure* of capitalism and the *use* of property—as I see it.

I do not even feel free to use these great words without defining, however inadequately, what I mean by them.

Christianity teaches me that God is in man; that he is possessed of the ability to choose between good and evil; that precisely this free will to make a choice makes him a man and not an animal; that this Faith lends sacredness to human life; and that democracy itself is an expression of this Faith—of man's right and duty to perfect himself, to govern himself, and to erect a society in which self-perfection and self-government are possible.

And for every evil that I see in our society, I see a counterbalancing and contending good. The very evils I have listed are not only recognized by me, but by hundreds of thousands. The mere fact that we recognize them, are indignant about them, criticize them openly, and organize in innumerable groups to combat them, shows me how vital and alive the democratic ideal is. For it is not hatred that moves us, nor lack of Faith, but Faith and love and a firm intention to make this democracy more closely approximate what it set out to be.

I cannot lump " property " together into one phrase. I find a difference between the property accumulated by a change of hands in a stock market speculation, for instance, and the property which a farmer builds up by his toil; and I think that one conceivably has rights that do not belong to the other. This is one of the thousand and more places where I join issue with the Communists; it is one of the many reasons why I am absolutely convinced that Communism does not promise any glorious future; it may *be* the future, but my concept of the future leads me to oppose it with all my might and main. And there is always another future beyond the immediate one.

I do not think that whatever the future may bring is necessarily right or acceptable. Indeed, I think that the future I long for is going to come out of the very struggle now going on, and that those who are opposing Communism and Nazism are at least as much part of that " Wave " as those who are spreading them.

I cannot possibly agree with Mrs. Lindbergh when she says that " there is no sin punished more implacably by nature than resistance to change." First of all, resistance to change is as much a part of nature as change itself. Secondly, the statement is equivalent to saying that all change is good, *per se*.

I do not see why Mrs. Lindbergh should think that Communism, Nazism and Fascism have alone " leapt upon " that " wave " that she senses. Their success so far is not because they are in tune with the future, but because they are able to push their " future " with a most formidable mass of aero-

planes, tanks, machine guns, and fanatically indoctrinated young men, who have been brought up from childhood in "blind obedience" to the dictates of the Führer and his conveyor system, and in the creed that they were "born to die for Germany"—or Italy, or the Russian Messianism.

Although two of them, Communism and Fascism, have been in existence for about twenty years, no other peoples, except the Germans have ever voluntarily adopted either of them, and one of them—Italian Fascism, is dissolving under the first onslaught!

But in every country great changes have taken place. Are we to reject the experience of Finland in co-operative economy, because Finland is too small to resist Russia? Shall we learn nothing for the future from Switzerland, the most superbly organized, disciplined, and politically free people, because Switzerland is surrounded by a Nazi sea? Have the agricultural economy of Denmark and its remarkable educational system nothing to teach the world because Denmark could not resist invasion from a power ten or twelve times her size? Is Mrs. Lindbergh sure that the social developments in England, or of the New Deal have nothing to do with the future of mankind?

She says that she has Faith that France and the other suppressed nations will live again. I think so, too—but they will not live again unless faith finds action to support it. It is not a law of history that nations cannot be destroyed by force. Nations and cultures and civilizations have been destroyed, and destroyed forever. They do not revive by any natural law, but by the purposes and efforts of men ready to die for their restoration.

Mrs. Lindbergh interprets this war as a struggle between "have" and "have not" nations. Was Finland a "have" nation? Or Denmark? Did the Netherlands use what they "have" against the interests of the rest of the world? Is Germany a "have-not" nation—and if she is, how is it possible for her to conquer the whole of Europe with the most monstrous amounts of steel, oil, and aluminium ever assembled in one place for the purposes of war?

Is Great Britain to-day a "have" nation? Mrs. Lindbergh speaks as though Great Britain were still an Empire, and as though the riches of all the Dominions flowed unhampered into those Isles. They do not, and the British Empire was effectively abolished with the *Statute of Westminster*. In terms of tangible, usable wealth the British Isles to-day are the

most "have-not" nations on earth, depending wholly on liquidable securities and good will for their supplies. Should even good will fail, Britain would perish.

I think we must *think* about these clichés, which are being spread through the world by Nazis and Communists for political purposes. I see no indication whatsoever that Nazi Germany intends to bring about a more equitable distribution of the wealth of the world. On the contrary the Nazi philosophy publicly proclaims the superiority of the German race, the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest, and the right under that law to be one of only two or three great "have" nations on the globe.

I do not believe in the superiority of the German race, although I do believe that the German nation as a whole possesses certain technical and organizational abilities superior, let us say, to those of France. But that is not enough for Germany's hideously arrogant claim. I do not believe that the law of the survival of the fittest is the law of organized society, but will if it triumphs mean the extinction of organized society. I believe that the Christian law of love, and the Christian ethic that he who loveth his life shall lose it, and the Christian First Commandment, to love the Lord thy God and thy neighbour as thyself, and the Christian thesis that we are all members one of another, are vastly more *efficient* social principles than the law of the jungle, that Might makes Right. And I believe that these principles are the basis of democracy. This is *my* Faith, and for this Faith I gladly live and gladly die, in *resistance* to that other Faith, which for me robs life of any sense it may have. And as a thinking social individual I strive to communicate this faith to others.

The Law that Might makes Right is the law of war, and I am not prepared to advocate that the law of war triumph because those who theoretically resist it are unwilling to defend their faith. I tried, with a weak pen, to urge resistance before the forces behind that law were able to make war; to resist it by an organized collective effort for peace. But instead of Peace we got appeasement, to the point where peace was incompatible with survival.

I cannot find that our own previous mistakes and sins, of which I have been aware and articulate, justify the white-washing of the Nazis. Nor does my study of history convince me that the Kaiser's Reich or the German Republic were spotless before history. The German cult of force and violence is far older than Hitler and has found more philosophical justi-

fication in Germany for half a century than in any other civilized country. And that only makes Germany a menace, and will continue to make her a menace until it becomes definitely subordinate in the German mind. I do not think the eradication will come through its unopposed success.

I do not think, on the other hand, that the German people are "innately evil." I think the Germans one of the most paradoxical of peoples, in whom one of the "souls" that Goethe, the Greatest German, said dwells in every German breast, has got the supremely upper hand. And it is a terrifying soul. The thing that makes Nazism so miasmic a force is that we, too, have two souls: we, too, are just a little bit Nazi. Nazism reaches us from within, quite as effectively as from without.

We have to ask ourselves: Do we want a Nazi United States, and do we want a Nazi-dominated world? It will be terribly difficult to keep a Non-Nazi United States in a Nazi world. I don't see how we can avoid that issue by calling Nazism (and Communism and Fascism) vaguely "waves of the future." We must make our own future, and like every other future, it is *being* made, by our day-to-day individual and collective behaviour. Mrs. Lindbergh's book is helping to push it in one direction, by creating an apathy toward resisting Nazism. I wish to push it in another direction by the most acute analysis of which I am capable, concerning what Nazism really is.

But I am forced to differentiate. I do not lump everything, even in Nazi Germany, into one category. I think, for instance, that pushed forward by Hitler's purpose of making Germany dominant in the world, men of genius in Germany have discovered certain things about the operation of the financial structure that *could* represent a definite step forward.

Whether they will or not, depends wholly on the purpose for which they are used.

One can use an aeroplane to carry good will to all people, or one can use it to destroy the great monuments of the human spirit, to blast glorious churches, to murder babies. The German financial structure has been used to prepare Germany for an offensive war on mankind. It may be adapted some day to bring peace and prosperity to the earth.

But that financial structure is not "Nazi." Many of the ideas incorporated in it were observed long ago by economists of all countries, such as the Englishman Mr. John Maynard Keynes, who can only be horrified to tears by the uses to which it is put.

When Mrs. Lindbergh speaks of America she makes some

acute observations. She notices how great is the fear here, compared even with the spirit of England. Is that so difficult to understand? People are afraid when they are unable to make up their minds. People are afraid when they fear they have cancer but are not sure. People are afraid of their own imaginations. A great many people in America are afraid that in the future they will not have as much money or as much power as they have had, or that the very Wave of the Future that Mrs. Lindbergh speaks of is going to engulf them, and because they are not acting, they are consumed with indecision.

I am more afraid of this fear than of anything else, because when people are afraid they are likely to go berserk, to " go to pieces." In an acknowledged crisis, on the contrary, it is the habit of human beings to " pull themselves together."

Hitler knows full well the advantage to him of having nations " go to pieces." Then he can pick up the pieces and re-assemble them in his own pattern. And he helps them go to pieces by spreading throughout the world the idea that he is irresistible, and that it is futile to resist. In other words—that he is the Wave.

Mrs. Lindbergh contemplates change here—change achieved peacefully. But again she does not help us for she speaks in poetic metaphor. We must do something, she says—something purely American—something as American as white churches, brick school-houses on country roads, American autumns that are so different from any other autumns, and American apples. Again I am sceptical of such metaphors. My intelligence tells me that the landscape will not furnish the solution for the problem of how to use wealth in a continually productive way, how to solve the problem of continual employment in return for an adequate income in terms of houses, shoes, and, yes, apples.

I mention only a tiny segment of the ever present social and economic problem. I do not think we shall " solve " it, because there are no " solutions," but we must surely find a more tolerable and satisfactory adjustment.

But I think we *are* finding it, all the time, by trial and error, and that by thought, and effort, greater personal unselfishness and more disinterested action, we shall move forward and not back. I see all around me symptoms that show that things though dark in one place are brighter in another.

But I remind Mrs. Lindbergh that that white church spire does not stand there merely as a pleasant architectural point on the landscape, but is the simple, austere, and beautiful ex-

pression of a people who believe in freedom of will, and the possibility of communion with God in their own souls—not in a mystical Wave of the Future. My resistance to the change carried by that wave counts on keeping that church there, and sending out from it, greater inspiration into the community.

And, incidentally, some of our most revolutionary forefathers came here and built the original churches because of an obstinate resistance to change—the change of the Restoration after Cromwell. Curiously enough they believed that the defeated past held in it the germ of the future. And it did. The little brick school-house is a monument to the belief that the human mind has the right to explore the past, investigate the present, and plan for the future, with open eyes, and intellectual candour. That is not "Nazi" and not "Communist."

As for our autumns and our apples—they are different in Oregon and Santa Monica, in Vermont and Savannah. There is no American autumn and no American apple.

There is an American mind, and it has been sharpened and hardened and made acute oftener by resistance than by acceptance.

It chooses its paths; it does not accept "Waves," whether of the Mississippi, or of Berserk nations, with any sense of inevitability. It builds levees on the river, and has time and again built dams against certain kinds of change with the bodies of its men.

Nothing is simple, but nothing is inevitable, either—nothing that coming from the minds and purposes of men and women encounters the minds and purposes of other men and women.

The revolution of our days is made by aggression and resistance. This country as a whole has cast its die with the resisters. It cannot stand in a no man's land between them. That, of all places, is the least safe.

(*Miss Thompson is the famous American journalist and wife of Sinclair Lewis, the author.*)

NIGHT BOMBING

A Discussion

WE print below a recent letter addressed by the Bishop of Chichester to the Editor of *The Times*. Although the military difficulties of adopting his suggestion are great, the Bishop's letter raises an important issue for the Christian conscience. How far can we stoop to conquer? Accordingly we invited a number of men and women whose opinion would be valued to make their comments on the Bishop of Chichester's appeal. Their replies follow the reprinted letter.

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER'S LETTER

To the Editor of *The Times*.

Sir,

Once again at Easter the Pope has lifted up his voice in the name of justice and love. There must be millions of Christians of all denominations who find in what he says a common ground. He has used a strong word to describe the war in which more and more nations are involved. He calls it "atrocious." And, bearing previous utterances in mind, it is impossible to doubt that what makes it peculiarly atrocious in his Holiness's view is the treachery and barbarity with which it was begun, and has at each new stage been developed by Hitler and his companions in crime.

To his denunciation of the atrocity of the war the Pope has added a moving appeal to all belligerent nations. It is to this that, as a Bishop in a belligerent nation, I venture to draw attention. He pleads for the sparing by both sides of the non-combatant civilian population, especially the women and children. The plea comes immediately after the destruction of Belgrade; and before the destruction of who knows what great town by what great Power? The war is indeed totalitarian, fought with all their resources by whole nations against whole nations. But it is nevertheless barbarous to make unarmed women and children the deliberate object of attack. It

is said that once a war has begun limitation is impossible. But, if Europe is civilized at all, what can excuse the bombing of towns by night, and the terrorizing of non-combatants who work by day and cannot sleep when darkness comes?

The Pope appeals to belligerents on both sides on behalf of non-combatants. Let us concentrate on the issue of night bombing. Is it not possible for the British Government to make a solemn declaration that they for their part will refrain from night bombing (either altogether or of towns with civilian populations) provided that the German Government will give the same undertaking? If this single limitation were achieved it would at least make a halt in the world's rushing down to ever-deeper baseness and confusion.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE CICESTR.

The Palace,
Chichester,
April 14.

From THE MARQUESS OF CREWE

We must all appreciate the Bishop of Chichester's motives; but it has always been my view that we ought to concentrate on the prevention of war rather than to attempt to render it more humane. It was surely a blunder of the League of Nations that it kept on discussing what would happen when war broke out, instead of devising consultations under Article 19 of the Covenant for regular examination of the terms of the 1919 Treaties.

I cannot recall any instance in history where military action, or the use of any invention has been checked on the ground of humanity if a combatant felt it would help him to win. Certainly our enemies are not likely to create a precedent.

A solemn declaration, as suggested by the Bishop, if conveyed to the German Government by a neutral power would be met by an evasive reply, probably accusing us of hypocrisy and the desire to avoid punishment. It would be difficult to define night bombing, and the exact areas to be regarded as immune. Bombs could be legitimate up to the black-out, but not a moment longer.

It may no doubt be held that even if nothing can come of it, it is our duty to set ourselves right with the civilized opinion of the world. But we are explicitly refraining from indiscriminate attack on non-military objectives, though in our military

raids we must destroy a number of civilian lives. I doubt whether we can do more.

From VISCOUNT SANKEY.

The Bishop of Chichester's proposal reads :—

> It is not possible for the British Government to make a solemn declaration that they for their part will refrain from night bombing (either altogether, or of towns with civilian populations) providing the German Government will give the same undertaking.

Mark the proviso.

We will not do this, if you will not. Now whether you are engaged in a fight in the Law Courts, or you are a citizen of a nation engaged in a fight with another nation you have to get some one to conduct your case. Having chosen him, you had better trust him. You may make suggestions to him, you may put some limit on his authority, in extreme cases you may even withdraw it, but the conduct of the case is better left in his hands.

The Prime Minister is our Leader. No doubt we should all wish to see an end of night bombing, as we should like to see an end of murder and executions for murder. War however remains as Hobbes described it.

> There is continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short. (*Leviathan* Part 1. Ch. 13).

Such rules as International Law has endeavoured to establish are apt to be disregarded as a conflict becomes more bitter. Nations are their own judges of infringements, and "men will be tempted to do anything which will shorten hostilities and tend to a decisive issue." (Hall. Introduction to third edition of *International Law*).

Mark again the Bishop's proviso.

There is a time for every purpose under heaven. The time and advisability of any solemn declaration are better entrusted to the Prime Minister. It is wiser to leave to him the occasion for any such step. He knows more of the facts than the ordinary citizen, and can form a safer opinion as to the desirability and probable effect of any particular policy. No doubt he deplores night bombing. He is as good a Britisher and Christian as I am, and I prefer to leave the decision to him.

From VISCOUNT ESHER

The Bishop of Chichester's letter does more credit to his heart than to his head. It is surely clear that, unless we arrange

an agreement not to bomb any towns at all, the Germans will continue to pretend that they have confined their activities to military objectives. But if we do arrange such an agreement, we submit ourselves to a grave military handicap. The factories at Kiel where the submarines are made; the harbours of France and Belgium where invasion is being prepared; the docks at Brest where the ocean raiders lie;—are not only legitimate objectives, but the constant attack upon them is essential to victory in the Battle of the Atlantic and the second Battle of Britain. The Bishop appeals on behalf of non-combatants. There are no non-combatants in totalitarian war, and those who remember the terrible slaughter of the young in the last war, will not regret that it is now as dangerous to be old as to be young, as dangerous at home as at the front.

Surely the Bishop of Chichester would be wiser to concentrate his merciful activity upon an objective to which no military criticism could apply,—the compulsory evacuation of all children from the dangerous areas.

From Miss STORM JAMESON

Any person who is able to think coolly—as coolly as possible, having regard to the inescapable prejudices roused in us by the fact of being at war with a dangerous enemy—must share the Bishop of Chichester's horror of the competitive bombing of cities, towns, ports. The two reasons usually put forward by advocates of this way of making war are first, that it will shorten the war by disrupting the enemy's war machine and destroying his morale: second (a reason often disavowed by those who put forward the first), that reprisals are just, and necessary for our own morale. But we have no adequate grounds to suppose that our bombing will do worse to the German war machine, with factories spread over Europe, than they can do to ours; and we have no reason to suppose that the German morale will break down *quickly*, which alone might justify the use of night bombers on towns full of defenceless people. It is more reasonable to expect that the German morale, like the German formidable war machine, can hold out for a long time, though—in view of the German dependence on a leader and on successful aggression—their morale might crack in the end as suddenly and thoroughly as in 1918. But before that happens, the destruction and devastation in Europe may well have reached a point when recovery will be unspeakably difficult, if not impossible. The people who have been roused to a natural anger by the sight of bombed hospitals and

dead children might reflect that German children die as easily, and that it will be a long time before the anger of their parents will turn from the airmen who bombed them without wanting to, on to the real instigators of these tragedies, Hitler and his gang. I do not believe it is possible to bomb and starve the enemy into surrender before Europe itself will have been ruined, its fields soured, and its energy spent for a generation or more. If it were possible for our Government to agree with the German Government to give up night bombing, as the Bishop of Chichester suggests, we ought to be glad that civilization has been given that much more chance of surviving another world war. Possibly the enemy will not agree. We shall at least have tried to save humanity and civilization from dying of loss of blood.

From Miss DOROTHY L. SAYERS

An agreement by "civilized man" to accept limitations to the horrors of war seems workable only when the two parties accept also a common theology—that is, acknowledge the same sanctions for conduct. How does one treat with a party who looks upon treaty-breaking as a major instrument of policy? Nor is Hitler likely to acknowledge a deadlock or to admit the necessity of a common consent of opinion, since this would be a denial of his whole "ideology."

Also (from the practical point of view), I do not know what is meant by "towns with a civilian population." All towns contain *some* civilians. If we mean towns with a *wholly* civilian population, that may or may not include towns where war-industries are carried on, but it *must* mean towns where there are no anti-aircraft defences. To publish to the Germans that a town is undefended is immediately to invite its annihilation by day as well as by night; the town of Belgrade, which the Bishop of Chichester cites, is a case very much in point.

From Mr. HENRY W. NEVINSON

The Pope pleads "for the sparing by both sides of the non-combatant civilian population, especially the women and children." The Bishop asks "if it is not possible for the British Government to make a solemn declaration that they for their part will refrain from night bombing (either altogether or of towns with civilian population) provided that the German Government will give the same undertaking." In my opinion

both the plea and the appeal are utterly useless when we are dealing with a Government commanded by Hitler and his associates.

The first object of the German Government is our destruction, and the surest method of destroying a nation is to kill its women and children. One of the surest ways of killing the women and children is by night bombing of the whole civilian population. To use Thomas Gray's words, the German Government have " shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

A more difficult and equally urgent question arises when the demand for reprisals is raised by some among our own people and some of our politicians in high position. We are told that if our great cities are destroyed by night bombing great German cities will suffer at least three times as much. " Blood for blood, eye for eye! " we are told, and the demand for reprisals is an instinct deeply rooted in mankind. But I cannot suppose that the Pope and the Bishop, being Christians, would encourage that instinct, nor do I suppose that our English soldiers, if they had a crowd of women and children standing helpless before their eyes, would set to work and murder them. I admit that the habit of war may render us all indifferent to any atrocity. " All pity quenched in custom of fell deeds," as someone in *Coriolanus* says, describing war. Even our merciful and good-humoured English people might come to that, and in our past history we might find examples of such atrocity. But for the present I hope and believe we should be more likely to imitate the Athenians of the 5th century B.C., who, having decreed the utter extermination of an enemy country one day, thought better of it next day and in uncommon humanity sent a ship at full speed to reverse the order.

From Dr. MAUDE ROYDEN

Although sympathizing with the Bishop of Chichester's appeal I think night bombing, though it is horrible, cannot be regarded as worse than day bombing; certainly it does not dislocate the work of the nation half so much. Moreover, as we have proved our enormous superiority over German planes and pilots in daylight, it seems futile to appeal to them to refrain from night bombing in which they have so much fewer losses. Finally, the Bishop's reference to " towns with civilian populations " suggests that there are towns *without* civilian populations: but there are none.

From Mr. R. R. STOKES, M.P.

The noble appeal of the Bishop of Chichester in a recent letter to *The Times* that night bombing at least of towns with civilian populations should cease by mutual agreement ought to find a ready response amongst the thoughtful.

If a war cannot be won without the killing of millions of harmless civilians and the destruction of open towns, not to mention the starving of most of our friends in Europe, then the sooner some other way of settling differences is found the better. The guerillas in their tribal wars have more sense than the leaders of our civilization to-day.

But there is another practical side to the question. With air bases from Norway to Spain it is obviously easier for the Germans to disperse factories as well as people over a wide area; with us it is quite impossible. We are not now even numerically equal to the Germans and to gain military parity, i.e. to compensate for the advantage of the short distances that the Germans have to fly, we shall need to have immense numerical superiority. Further, it is at least doubtful whether the night bombing has any worse effect on the German people than it has on our own.

We should seek to disengage at least from night bombing and to concentrate on the production of fighter craft able to deal with the German bomber effectively whether it comes by night or day.

Bombing alone will not win the war and mere destruction and the spirit of vindictiveness will ultimately get us nowhere. We should set an example to the world, not follow others down the slippery slope of abandoned principles.

From Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE.

The Bishop of Chichester's letter does call for serious attention. No one, it might have been thought, could contemplate the unrestricted bombing of civilians with anything but horror, but Goering and Hitler have taught us, very painfully, that they can contemplate it not only without horror, but with satisfaction, if not with actual delight. Their guilt is evident and undenied. They bombed Poland long before a single German city had sustained a shell. They did not discriminate between men, women and children when they delivered an ultimatum by high explosives and incendiaries to Rotterdam. Belgrade was proclaimed an open city, but that proclamation did not save it: it, too, was barbarously bombed. There is an

insane logic in the Hun. There are, he says, no non-combatants now. Has not Clausewitz put the whole doctrine in his stimulating works? The aim of war, he declares, is to "overthrow the enemy and thereby render him incapable of any further resistance." It is not enough to destroy the fighting forces. The country itself must be destroyed, "for out of the country a new fighting force might be formed."

How well this doctrine has been learnt and accepted in Germany is evident from a statement said to have been made by Hitler to Hermann Rauschning, who reports it in his book, *Hitler Speaks*:

> We are obliged to depopulate as part of our mission of preserving the German population. We shall have to develop a technique of depopulation. If you ask me what I mean by depopulation, I mean the removal of entire racial units. And that is what I intend to carry out—that roughly is my task. Nature is cruel, therefore we may be cruel. If I can send the flower of the German nation into the hell of war without the smallest pity for the spilling of precious German blood, then surely I have the right to remove millions of an inferior race that breeds like vermin. And by 'remove' I don't necessarily mean destroy: I shall simply take steps to damn their natural fertility. For example, I shall keep their men and women separated for years. Do you remember the falling birth-rate of the world war? Why should we not do quite consciously and through a number of years what was at that time merely the inevitable consequence of the long war? There are many ways, systematical and comparatively painless, or at any rate bloodless, of causing undesirable races to die out.

We have, of course, only Rauschning's word for it that this is a faithful report of what Hitler said, but we may believe him, for it is substantially what Hitler himself has said in *Mein Kampf*. Here is a passage which appears on page 497 of the edition published by Hurst and Blackett:

> The fundamental and guiding principles which we must always bear in mind when studying this question is that foreign policy is only a means to an end and that the sole end to be pursued is the welfare of our own people. Every problem in foreign politics must be considered from this point of view, and this point of view alone. Shall such and such a solution prove advantageous to our people now or in the future, or will it injure their interests? That is the question. This is the sole preoccupation that must occupy our minds in dealing with a question. Party politics, religious considerations, humanitarian ideals —all such and all other preoccupations must absolute give way to this.

I take it that the enquiry is directed not towards the question, ought we to limit bombing at night but ought we to bomb at all? Does the Bishop remember the outcry by devout men against the use by us of poison gas in the last war? That cry ceased to be raised when the devout men realized that our

troops were being demoralized by their knowledge that the Germans were attacking them with poison gas but that we were not retaliating. Every soldier knows how disintegrating are the effects on morale of inability to use on the enemy weapons equal to those the enemy uses.

There is, I think, another side of this question to be considered. Would Hitler, if such a proposal were made to him, accept it and abide by it? He might, *if he were getting the worst of the conflict.* But would that be the time for us to withdraw from the conflict? We want to defeat the Hun so thoroughly that he will never have the slightest doubt that he has been defeated and defeated decisively. We want to purge the German mind of its gross and brutal belief that Huns have the right to rob and pillage and violate and murder their unoffending neighbours so that they may dominate Europe and "remove entire racial units" who have failed to find favour in Hunnish eyes. If I am to die in this war, does it matter to me whether I am killed by a bomb dropped at 3 a.m. or 3 p.m.?

And what may Hitler bomb? Armed forces, you reply. But where do civilians cease and armed forces begin? Is a Home Guard a soldier? If so, may his home be bombed at any hour? It is his barracks. Can anyone ensure that bombs shall drop on Birdcage Walk, but not on the neighbouring Queen Anne's Mansions? Was the House of Commons a military objective? Military decisions are made there. If it may be bombed, how can the airman guarantee that he won't drop his bomb on the Abbey? Or that in aiming at the War Office and the Admiralty he won't hit the National Gallery and St. Martin's in the Fields? I can imagine Hitler consenting to such a truce as the Bishop proposes, only if he is weakening, but if he is, then that is precisely why we should not propose it. Has Dr. Bell forgotten that Napoleon Bonaparte proposed an armistice with Great Britain which resulted in the signing of the Treaty of Amiens on March 27, 1802? That was a device by the Emperor to recuperate his waning strength and gain time to prepare for his intended invasion of England. A year after it was signed, it was broken, and we had to fight again for thirteen years.

SHIPPING LOSSES

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

THE complete table of monthly shipping losses since the beginning of the war, now issued by the Admiralty, brings home in a very forcible fashion what a difficult task confronts us at sea and how far we have to go with our defensive measures before we can consider ourselves out of danger. But at the same time it gives no reason for supposing that the danger will not be surmounted, for our defensive is on the increase in strength and the enemy's attack, if it has not reached its full strength in the air, will, I believe, not increase to the same extent as our counter attacking operations.

Up to the end of April of this year the enemy has sunk 6,127,673 tons of shipping of which 3,896,242 were British. Broadly speaking, this world tonnage may be divided into three categories—losses of British ships and neutral ships on British service actually on the trade routes; losses incurred in those three combined operations, the Norwegian campaign, the withdrawal from France, and the Greek expedition; and losses of neutral ships, many of them employed on their legitimate business which had no part in the war, among which were 50,000 tons of shipping belonging to the enemy's Italian and Japanese friends. Every ton in this last named category was illegally sunk, and it was not the duty of Great Britain to protect them. Never has international law been so flouted, and we shall do well to keep this fact in the forefront of our minds in the future and avoid deluding ourselves with the belief that international agreements are a substitute for naval strength.

Until the invasion of Norway and while France was still our ally and her territory unviolated the figures show that we were getting a grip on the enemy. Although there had been some months in which the figures of the British losses had exceeded 100,000 tons they had fallen in May last to 75,000, of which no less than 48,000 were due to the Norwegian campaign. The re-embarkation of the Army from France cost us nearly 120,000 tons, and the Greek affair, apparently about 60,000 out

of 187,000, the remainder being Greek shipping captured or sunk in their ports. Thus, of the close upon four million tons of our shipping that has been lost something approaching a quarter of a million would seem to have been in the embarkations. It may be that circumstances will arise in which embarkations on a large scale have again to be undertaken under conditions as unfavourable as were all of these in which aircraft can play so large a part and if such a need should occur we must hope that it may be in a situation in which the protection of our own fighting aircraft can be provided.

The immediate rise of the losses after the collapse of our ally shows how changed the situation had been by that event. We lost the co-operation of the French fleet and in its place had the Italians as active, though not very effective, opponents; but as their hardly veiled hostility had already obliged us to divert a respectable part of our naval forces to the Mediterranean this accretion to our enemies on the trade routes did not greatly affect the situation. What made the difference was that the enemy, being able to operate from the western and the Channel ports, and also from those of the Low Countries and Norway, could bring into use his aircraft, and that his submarines, working from these advanced bases and in their increased numbers through new construction, could spend a greater proportion of their time at sea actually in the areas of operations. Cruisers, too, could get out on to the trade routes from Brest and, possibly, the other ports. At the same time the enemy had armed a number of his merchant ships with armaments more formidable than those formerly employed as raiders, and the sporadic campaign on the outer oceans took on a more intensive shape, supplemented as it was by the battle-cruiser force of two ships which were able to make an extended cruise in which they sank 22 ships not in convoys. They were driven off some convoys that they approached by battleship escorts, but unhappily these defenders were not fast enough to follow the enemy up and destroy them. They returned to Brest and there the aircraft of the coastal command have done their utmost to cripple them: but the difficulty is great. Bombing from a height is not effective, except by chance, and bombing from a low level does not give the bomb the velocity it needs to penetrate the thick deck armour. Still, the fact that these two formidable vessels have remained so long in port, exposed to the risk of injury and withheld from active operations in a campaign on the outcome of which the enemy obviously builds great hopes, is at least an indication

that the ships have undergone some hits of a sufficiently damaging nature to prevent their reappearance for a while.

These heavy sinkings have led some commentators to the conclusion that there is something fundamentally wrong in the convoy system itself, and that a new method should be developed which is roughly called a system of "defended lanes": lanes that is to say which would be patrolled throughout by fighting ships. Without a detailed description of what is intended it is difficult to express a reasoned opinion upon this proposal. On the face of it however it looks very like a method that was tried during the last war and was not a success. There is only one arrangement by which ships can be protected against the insidious attack of the submarine or the intensely sudden one of the aeroplane, and that is to have a defence alongside the ship, ready to come into action in a time measured by seconds. Help at a distance is useless. It may serve to rescue men from the water but it cannot drive off or destroy the attacker before he has done his work. It is not the system that is at fault but the fact that the forces required to afford protection in the only effective form are still inadequate. There is a vast deal of leeway to make up in consequence of the neglect and blindness of the past years and in particular those limitations of the very forces we need so ignorantly accepted in the Treaty of London.

A new situation has been created in the Mediterranean by the German conquest of Greece followed, as it has naturally been, by the occupation by both parties of the Axis of the Islands in the Aegean. The enemy is now in possession of stepping stones from which he can threaten Turkey and by means of which he may intend to move by short jumps towards Alexandretta or Beirut. To transport land forces by sea across the 500 miles or so that lie between Rhodes and Syria is a formidable undertaking taking into account the size of the army they have to meet in those parts. It is not so simple a matter as the movement through the Kattegat by which Norway was surprised even though there may be the promise of a friendly reception there from the Vichy government. Cyprus lies in the way and the combination of air forces operating from that base and naval forces from the Egyptian and Palestine bases is one that did not exist in the Norwegian theatre. But the demands on the fleet are considerable and we do not know, at the present time of writing, what nefarious concessions may have been made in the agreement which has just received the approval of Marshal Pétain's government; whatever they may

be there can be small doubt that their object is to deprive us of the use of the Mediterranean bases at each end of the sea by acquiring positions close enough to bombard the anchorages either from the air or the land, and that the connivance of France and Spain are being assiduously sought in those two purposes. Thus the British army in the East is engaged upon the Army's traditional function—that of assisting and enabling the Navy to obtain and retain the command of the sea.

Formidable as the enemy's dive bombers have shown themselves against merchant shipping they have not met with a corresponding degree of success against the fighting fleet with its combination of anti-aerial gunnery and air craft flown from carriers. The fact that in a recent seven day cruise in the area between Sicily and Sardinia the fleet carried out all that it was called upon in the protection of a considerable volume of shipping and also in two bombardments of Benghazi, and that it beat off, without any loss to itself, a series of attacks from the air that were pressed vigorously, is a sign that the mastery has not yet passed from the surface ship although her influence has been affected by the new arm. What has been made abundantly plain is the fact that in the operations at sea the air craft engaged in the struggle for command and control are an essential part of the naval forces whether they fly from the deck of a carrier or ship of war or from a shore base. It has taken a long time for this simple and almost elementary principle to be realized, but now that we have been given such conclusive evidence of the truth of the doctrine of the liaison of arms in the Mediterranean we may expect to see results of the same kind in other theatres in which the naval and aerial weapons are engaged in a common task.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PLANNING

By Sir Henry N. Bunbury

THE legend of the superior efficiency of dictatorships, sedulously propounded by the dictators, dies hard. There are moments when, with the worst will in the world, we are tempted to believe it to be true. And to those who are interested in ways of doing things—in machinery and methods for making purposes effective on the grand scale—the dictators' claim is a standing challenge.

Taking up the challenge they may observe, amongst other things, that all dictators plan. More than that, that their people and the world at large, hear a great deal about the Plan, be it for Five Years or Four Years, or for infinity, or during the dictator's pleasure. There appears too to be some association between the efficiency and the planning, though not of course a complete coincidence: dictators have other instruments in the tool-bag.

Now all this is a little disturbing. Our first reaction as good honest democrats is to say that if the dictatorships do it, we had better not, and in any case will not. But we recall that, as a technique and method developed by the scientific management movement in the United States, it has no historical connection with dictatorship, and is indeed of a most respectable parentage. We recall, too, that in the years immediately preceding the war, governments in many countries which showed no propensity towards dictatorship (including that of the United States) were experimenting with new official organizations of one kind or another to perform some or all of the tasks which constitute planning: that evidently some need was being felt which the established institutions or methods of democratic governments were themselves unable as they stood to supply. So we pursue the matter further, risking the perhaps premature reproach, that we are not getting on with the war.

Planning is a greatly overworked term. Moreover, carrying, as it does, the suggestion of dictators, bureaucrats and theorists, it is apt to provide what Americans call "word-

trouble" — that psychological disturbance in which an emotional resistance takes the place of the desire to understand. It is well, therefore, to distinguish between planning as a pre-process, the content of actual plans, and the execution of them after a decision has been taken. Disapproval of particular plans, of some particular New Social Order or Plan for Britain, does not necessarily and should not be allowed to carry with it the rejection of the whole process or method of planning in public affairs. And in a free and democratic society, the distinction between the construction of plans and their execution involves issues of primary importance. Moreover, it makes a deal of difference who does the planning. The French idea of an *économie dirigée* of which much was heard before the war, came to mean the direction and control of the economic life of the nation by its great industrial and financial interests, organized for that purpose and vested with the necessary governmental powers. Planning it certainly was: the uncertainty and precariousness imposed on the economic activity of the nation by the vicissitudes of the national politics were to be replaced by the ordered purposes steadily and consistently pursued. Business men would know where they were. But it was not of a kind which a people fundamentally democratic could accept.

The movement for planning is, in essence, a strong reaction against the *laissez-faire* doctrines and practices which dominated over political and economic life in the nineteenth century. It implies the conscious direction of economic activities (in the widest sense) towards predetermined objectives, as opposed to its unconscious direction through the operation of the "market", which is the essence of the *laissez-faire* doctrine. In thus describing it we seem to have come a long way from the original and simple notion of applying the methods of scientific management to government. But the conclusion is inevitable; if we are not to go each where it suits us to go we must in some collective way choose the direction, the route, and the pace: and if trouble by the way is to be avoided, we shall be wise to use every aid and resource with which science can provide us.

Planning may be complete (as in the U.S.S.R.) or partial: it may be local and physical (town and country planning) or central and "strategic." It implies a general objective, a machinery and various techniques for finding, organizing and using the facts material to the pursuit of that objective. The objectives may range from pure aggression or the protection

of the interests of privileged elements in the community to general and even egalitarian social welfare. What is common to all is that, to the extent to which planning operates, a conscious coordinated direction towards chosen ends regulates and supersedes the unconscious operation of the market and the uncoordinated political pressures of particular interest-groups. The machinery is a specialized organization which will gather and weigh *all* the material facts (and not only some of them): which will relate and coordinate particular policies with each other: and, in a democracy, which can present to the public the policies and the facts and reasons on which they are founded.

But, it will be said, all this so far as we are concerned is vain imagining. The conception of a planned economy and of parliamentary democracy are ultimately incompatible. The former is bound to lead to dictatorship or chaos. Democracies cannot plan. This, no doubt, is true of the wholly-planned economy in which all economic activities are state-directed and state-operated. But short of that there is a good deal more to be said, though so large a subject cannot be adequately examined here. The issue really is this: given parliamentary democratic government, how far can the conception of a conscious coordinated direction of the economic life of the community towards desired social objectives be carried, and the method and technique instrumental to that purpose be used, without landing ourselves in the dilemma of having to sacrifice either essential personal liberties or our economic well-being. The short answer is, I suggest, that already before the war our economic life was directed, not always wisely, but to a significant and growing extent, by political action: that by sheer force of the situation the scope of this direction is likely to be extended rather than diminished after the war: and that if we are going to do it anyhow we should be wise to consider how best it can be done, and what our objectives should be. Is there any reason why a democratic government should not boldly take the instrument of planning into its hands, seek public approval of its objectives in the light of fully ascertained and disclosed facts, and so develop something better than the sporadic and often belated interventionism typical of the two decades before the war. Democracy seems to need some counterweight to the political pressures of sectional interest-groups through which too often policy decisions are determined. It may well be that a National Plan, acceptable to and accepted by the mass of public opinion, liable to modification

and development as circumstances alter, is the only answer to this need. If it be said that under democratic conditions policies will and must be determined by pressures, and that planning is incompatible with such a system, the answer surely may be that the planning process—the scientific ascertainment of the facts and their interpretations, the construction of long-range coordinated policies and their presentation—all this is a means of modifying the pressures themselves and the only means by which the general public interest may be made conspicuous and intelligible. It can then become a rallying-point for all those who are not content to be guided by narrow and sectional self-interests.

In this connection it is worth while to observe closely what is happening in the United States. In that country the conflict between a strong *laissez-faire* tradition and outlook, and the conception of social control of the sources of the livelihood of the American people, has for some years been proceeding on a major scale. Fundamentally, it would seem that the underlying cause of the conflict is the passing of a great community from one phase of its economic life to a new one—from that of a pioneer, debtor, and in many respects predatory economy to that of a settled creditor, and conserving economy. The situation, accentuated and made urgent by the confusion and errors which followed the world war, called for new outlooks and new policies. The failure to realize this had by 1933 produced catastrophe. In the working out of a solution by bold experiment, by methods of trial and error, the ideas and methods of planning play a major part. The idea of conscious social planning for the conservation and use of all the national resources of the United States has been conspicuous in Mr. Roosevelt's public utterances since, and indeed before, he became President. He has established, in the National Resources Board, an official organization for this purpose, adequately staffed and financed, and it has been at work for some years. It is charged with the double task of ascertaining, collating and interpreting the facts, and of promoting the idea and practice of social and economic planning among the very numerous Federal State and local authorities which exercise powers of government in that country. But the task has to be pursued within the framework of the principles of American democracy. It has to be done by persuasion and political consent. So it happens that, as Mr. Felix Frankfurter has put it, all the major domestic issues of his country "are phases of a

single central problem, namely the interplay of business and government."

If we may hope (to put it no higher) that democracies can plan, there are also reasons for believing that they will have to. For consider some of the actual problems which so far as can be judged now, will await our democracy on the threshold of peace. Here is the list:

Demobilization of the forces and their restoration to productive employment or training.
Re-establishment of war evacuees.
Demobilization of the war industries.
Liquidation of war stocks.
Utilization in the countries where they will be needed, of the surplus of primary products now accumulating in the producing countries.
Markets for the manufactured products of the United Kingdom.
The place of agriculture in the national economy.
Reconstruction of war-damaged property.
Some reconstruction of educational, health and other social services.

It can safely be assumed that there will be large additions to this list. Nor does it take account of the problems of reconstruction on the continent of Europe, in which both our obligations and our interest are bound to involve us—how far or in what way we do not now know.

In these vast tasks of re-settlement we shall need to do a better job than we did in 1919. It is well to recall the atmosphere of that period—the hasty removal of controls, the short inflationary boom, the mad outburst of company promoting, and then the sharp and long reaction deliberately initiated by official monetary policy, and the years of unemployment and its waste. Admittedly there were also important social achievements, some of them however ill-planned or misdirected. But the case for a different handling of the situation next time—for more and longer retained control, for better coordination in planning and execution, for more thorough working out of problems, and above all, for deliberate effort to present, and to win public support for the general objectives of government policy. True, we had a Ministry of Reconstruction, and it did some useful if limited work: but its voice, never very resonant, was allowed to be drowned by the stimulated clamour to hang the Kaiser or make the Germans pay. We shall need a better lead than that.

Nor is the complex of post-war problems one which Great Britain can hope to solve alone, even if she should be able to work out the solutions she desires. There are strategic factors, such as monetary policy and trade relations, which will obvi-

ously demand some measure of international collaboration. We shall need American co-operation just as America will need ours. The same applies to the Dominions. Of relations with European countries little could be said now: but that they will be an important element in the complex, though probably of a different quality, is beyond challenge. And wherever democratic government exists, policies of reconstruction which imply international co-operation and may even involve some replacement of national sovereign right by international authority, will call for public understanding and public acceptance before they can be made effective and stable.

Restraints and sacrifices there will have to be. They will be accepted (or so we may hope) in proportion as they are seen to be incidents of a larger, and acceptable, plan.

How then, under parliamentary democracy, to win acceptance not as planks in the political programme of the successful party but as part of the basic framework of the national life? There is a real issue here: for scientific planning is a process essentially different from the selection of planks for competitive party programmes, and other parties will naturally tend to serve as receiving and amplifying points for any national discontents that the planning may engender. It may be that in some situations the use of planning cannot be carried so far as this in countries with free party systems: the two may at this point be found to be incompatible.

But not perhaps in all situations, and particularly in the political situation which we can visualize after the war. The promulgation and acceptance of all parties, in general outline and purpose, of policies for reconstruction (by whatever name we choose to call them) would give them that prospect of stability and continuity which it is one of the purposes of planning to achieve. In itself there is nothing new in this. For many years our foreign policy was, by consent, outside politics, even when opinions as to what it should be differed strongly. The general framework and principles of our social services have become in the main a settled thing, accepted as such by parties and by our society as a whole. They have been built into our social structure. What would be something of a novelty would be the procuring of a general acceptance of the policies before they enter the political arena, rather than after the fight. But the indications are that in the strange and challenging situation in which we may expect to find ourselves after the war, such a course may be found not only possible but politically essential.

Planning, it may be said, is scientific management applied to public affairs. It therefore implies some degree of conscious direction of the multitudinous individual decisions which make up the warp and woof of our activities as a society. Along the whole gamut from extreme individualism at one end to the fully planned (and totalitarian) society at the other, only experience will, it is suggested, show how far a democratically governed nation can go without sacrifice of its fundamental principles. What is clear is that before the war we, like other democratic countries, had proceeded some way in this direction and were minded to proceed farther: and that the war has brought with it, as war must, a notable further advance. How far this will prove temporary and how far permanent cannot yet be seen.

It is also clear that democracies can use the ideas and methods of planning within the field in which governmental direction operates for the time being, subject to the supreme authority of their parliaments. It is suggested that it is highly necessary that they should. How far are we doing this?

But before discussing the point I would digress for a moment to deal with a general objection raised against those who are making plans to-day.* It is said, in effect, that it is simply a device for advancing under cover of a new and obscure jargon, old political and economic theories of much more definite character which have so far failed to win acceptance. It is a fair criticism, yet based on a fundamental misunderstanding. The answer is, in short, that there is usually more than one means to an end, that what men want is the end not the means, and that what planning does, following the principles of scientific management, is first to define the end and then to seek objectively the best means of attaining it. If, for instance, we want to see our industrial cities made the best possible places for human beings to live in, we may after all the facts have been assembled and examined with scientific detachment reach the conclusion that the best means of reaching that end includes the nationalization of urban and suburban land. In that case we become land nationalizers. All political theories are means to ends. Socialists are really socialists not for the sake of socialism but because they want certain things which they believe socialism will bring. Planning, as here understood, reverses the process. "Let us first," it says, "define what we want and then find the best way to get it, and what the

*Reflections on a New Social Order, by Lord Elton. The Fortnightly, May, 1941.

price of getting it in that way will be." It simplifies a subsequent decision whether at that price it will be worth getting.

The strength of planning, so conducted, lies in the detached and scientific approach to problems which have become or are liable to become political: in its freedom from political inhibitions. One of the best known planning Groups, for example, P.E.P. (Political and Economic Planning), has produced a long series of reports which have won a considerable reputation in responsible circles and among experts: those who did the work are of all political schools and of none, held together by the Group's principle of first finding out what the facts are and then examining them in a scientific spirit. A New Social Order, or Plan for Britain, which has not been thus developed, may have merit as a statement of objectives but is a basis for planning study rather than a finished plan.

Let us return to the main question. Is our machinery of government equipped for the processes of planning which it may desire, or be compelled by circumstance, to undertake? The conduct of war calls for so much planning: the peacetime impediments to it are in war largely removed: the machine is on the test bench. How is it responding? The indications, it is suggested, are not wholly satisfactory. Factual knowledge, necessary statistical data, are said to be lacking or imperfect when it would be expected that they would be available. (Does this reflect the old official attitude to expenditure on statistical departments?) The machinery for coordination at some levels is said to creak or stall, and the methods of coordination to be slow-moving and inappropriate for a time when speed of action is the first need. The list could be added to. Under the stress of a great and desperate war no administrative machine will stand up perfectly, and it may be that the somewhat wide-spread criticisms are overstated. But it is not surprising that they should occur. Our machinery of government was not created either for the conduct of war on a large scale or for the processes of planning in peace. The so-called positive functions of government are a recent if growing addition to its duties and have not yet permeated its traditions or materially affected its structure and its methods. This is not peculiar to Great Britain. An investigation made in numerous countries shortly before the war showed a similar situation everywhere, and a general tendency to experiment with new and specialized governmental organizations to execute the new functions involved in the planning process. There the matter must be left.

This then is the background against which the activities of men and women seeking to plan a better world should be regarded. These efforts are not simply a product of the war: to dismiss them as mere escapism is to fail to see their significance. War makes intense and urgent problems which but for war could be handled in the more leisurely tempo of peace. These activities are preparations for decisions which will some day, and often suddenly, have to be taken; though not now. And even in this titanic crisis of their fate men must think, and construct, and dream of better things.

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THE VILLAGE AND THE WAR

By Kate O'Brien

NOVELISTS, those novelists who write to amuse us and to catch, as they believe, the immediate contemporary mood, have taken up with joy the theme of the English village by 'townees' and foreigners. And some of them make a fairly good joke of it, but of course they are handling it too soon and too brightly to make good novels. That, however, can't be helped. All amateur comment on our present surprising ways of life is being made too soon—and every other articulate person is making, or assembling, such comment, in one medium or another. Inevitably. You would need to be half-dead not to feel observant and curious *now* about the general scene—and all our note-taking, the good with the bad, will be useful some day, to those whose job it will be to 'compose' this time, in terms of history or of art.

In any case, the village and the return of the native have eternally been fair game for "the chiel amang us;" and as the village came before the town there is a sense in which we are all 'native,' bucolics who have wandered off. Which means, if you like, that even the Viennese lounger, frequenter of *Sacher's* and the sad, chic lady from Warsaw, nostalgic for the limetrees and teashops of the *Ujazdowska Allée*, adjusting themselves to English thatched cottages of English vicarage customs, need not feel entirely bewildered. There should be an atavistic echo for them somewhere; in the midst of all this 'newness,' bleak to them, or comic, or comforting, they should be able to feel sometimes the stirring of old roots in themselves—for they also sprang, no matter how long ago, from the simple life, which does not vary in essence from sky to sky.

However, we think it does; indeed we insist it does—that being its sole defence, the unregenerate townsman will say; and its most potent charm, say the arty and the 'folky.' And committed to it now in our thousands whether we like or loathe it, whether it makes us gush or groan—what are we making of English rural life, and what room or use has it really got for us?

I wonder. And make like everyone else my stray and random observations.

I think I can say that I know English villages, the English village, fairly well. My scattered and accidental acquaintance with it stretches over almost twenty years in which, always counting myself a Londoner and paying rent in London, I have yet been unable to discover how to write a novel there, and so have had to drive myself out again and again to the villages, for long stays of many months at a time, and even years. I have stayed in inns and farmhouses, I have rented cottages—in Kent and Suffolk and Sussex, in Herts and Bucks, in Norfolk and Cornwall. And now I am living in the Midlands. Always these sojourns of mine in country places have been disciplinary, and never in search of life or ideas, but rather in flight from the too much of those which abound distractingly in London. The charm or non-charm of rural things has always been beside the point for me; what I sought was neutrality, inexpressiveness about me, the absence of new stimulation.

I suppose it is ungracious to say that the English village has always given me these! And were my intention now to talk about myself I would like to make it clear that it has in fact given me layers and accretions of other gifts, and not the least of these the inducing in me of a curious special kind of affection—cool, polite and manageable, unlike any other affection that I know.

But all such talk is off the point, save to illustrate my right to observe the English village in its new situation. For I have come back to it for my usual purpose, with a load of work to do and seeking a zone of neutrality in which best to do it. I am therefore neither a villager—which I have always been careful not to try to be—nor one of those driven hither by the manifold losses, tragedies or temporizations of war. I am a sort of odd man out; I like to regard myself as an unobserved and very cautious man on the fence, who sees a fair amount of the game.

Here we are then—in any village you like to imagine of the reception areas. There are the usual true inhabitants; there are the daughters and other relatives of these, who have either been forcibly bombed home, or have had the sense to bring the children back to Grandpa *before* they were bombed; there are the official evacuees and some stray unofficial ones, whose status seems to be shaky; there are the 'paying guests' at the local large farmhouses and private hotels—masses of these; there are a few landgirls, a few government officials going about unspecified jobs, and there are one or two conscientious

objectors. There are soldiers and Air Force men in camps around; there are one or two private families arrived to newly rented houses—and there are a great many foreigners. Poles, Czechs and Austrians; Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Canadians, Greeks—any of these is as likely as the hawthorn now along any English lane, and most of them have tucked themselves in for the duration under some unprotesting English thatch.

It is an invasion, an assault, an immense, inescapable intrusion; and since it goes on, must be sustained from month to month and year to year, it is surely bound to have a very marked effect?

I wonder. It is having some effects—one can see them. But *an effect* is something else,something which I do not see.

From a variety of pulpits nowadays we are promised a 'new order' after this war. Quite enough amateurs have chimed in on its promises, and I have neither the wit nor the inclination to join them. I see that such a social convulsion as this war will carry a vast aftermath, and like all sane people I hope that that aftermath will be of a progressive and liberal character. And clearly any decent 'new order' must affect the village. Any revolution, fast or slow, will certainly assault systems of land tenure, of agricultural labour, of rural housing and education, and possibly of established religion. The village will undergo these assaults, perhaps play its part in them; it will ponder them and, to some extent, argue them; it will in the end sufficiently understand them. As bit by bit the promised changes arrive into reality and are applied—and we will assume for simplicity's sake that they are mainly ameliorative, these proud changes!—the village will absorb them, with a grumble. If it is collectivized it will grumble, and so it will if it is handed over to a District Boss—and it will think the one idea no better than the other. And if it is broken up distributively and instructed to be itself more or less, it will be very captious indeed and very suspicious. But it will fill in the forms, obey the postmistress and take comfort from the constable. And remain at its centre, at its heart, indifferent to all that comes in from outside.

For philosophically the village is like Luther's God—"*ein feste Burg*." Impregnable. So strongly guarded that the only way to get inside it even a little way—and surely no outsider wants to go in deep?—is to make no assault at all. That is total loss, as I have seen proved again and again lately and shall record. The only way to get on to the outer rim of the village's true mind and thought is to go about your business as

quietly as possible for many, many months, speak when spoken to, pay your way and refuse to pay when you believe you are being charged too much. This last takes courage, because villagers are shrill about money—but it is worth it, if you are staying on. It's a curious thing, but it wins you a watered-down kind of affection. A very dull reason for being liked—but there are a great many dull things to be discovered about villages. And until you see, without blenching, how *dull* villages are, you will never understand them, or be able to relax and enjoy them.

It is their strength, for good and ill, this dullness. It is the thing that defeats and will defeat the present mad and even brilliant invasion; it is assuredly one of the things which may serve England well later on, since its non-reaction to any avalanche of 'new order' will be much more of a help than a hindrance to the latter. (Political passion should always be more encouraged than it tends to be by that subtly precious thing, non-reaction). Dullness is the essence, the character of the village; it is certainly what the wise non-villager seeks there, the preservative and anæsthetic and sedative necessity of all life. But it manifests itself *dully*; it will not, it cannot *react*. That is why it is a village. That is why it will always be a village, within or without no matter what new order.

Meantime we who have dumped ourselves down here, crazily differentiated as we are have this one thing in common—we are 'townees.' We are from Warsaw or Birmingham, from Sheffield or Prague, from London or Vienna—which means for social purposes a great many complicated things, but chiefly, in massed contrast to the village, it means that we *react*.

Towns become towns and grow rich or brilliant or famous or learned in the measure in which their inhabitants respond to stimuli, and absorb and extend ideas. Towns are made by people who think quickly, who can grasp two ideas at once, who are emotional, non-conservative and to some extent gamblers. And conversely people are happy in towns and promote the essential town-character in the measure in which they think quickly, expect quick thinking and adapt themselves to fresh ideas and sensations. The town-character is of its nature dynamic; excessively developed it is dangerous. The village-character is static; excessively developed it can, I think be fairly described as useless.

There we are then—a lot of lively 'townees' swarmed down on a quiet village. The village does what it has to do for us—slowly, but without outcry. Egged on by the sophisticated

and spirited Manor House. It makes room, some room, for us in its houses; it tells the children to play nicely with "those other children;" it accepts, with a certain 'static' obduracy which may or may not be short-sighted, such extra work and wages as the coming of some of us implies; and it goes up to the Village Hall to a 'welcome' teaparty, and actually sings *Roll Out The Barrel* for us—thus astounding, not to say depressing, those of us who hail from Vienna or Prague!

But we—we want more than that. We are lively people who have been through a lot of lively trouble lately. And we are accustomed to talking freely, to making new acquaintances and testing new experiences. We find the village and the countryside very grateful to the eyes, we are refreshed by quiet sleep, we love the fresh air, and we are stimulated by the variety of character-filled faces we see at every turn. We decide, most of us—for our common character, no matter what we have been through, is resilient—we decide that this new situation is rich with novelty and may be turned urbanely to account.

So, politely enough but forgetting where we are, we assault the village. That I am afraid is roughly what we do. We pull it about; we hold it in this light and that; we question it, tease it, coax it; we ask it its views; we drink with it and try to play darts, of all things; we shake it and wheedle it; we want to know what it *is*, what it's at.

Lunacy. We are back at the rich, slumbering, unconscious and unselfconscious source of human life. We are splashing around in a deep pool, a fruity ooze where we have no business at all and where our curiosity will come to no good. We are pointlessly disturbing a source whence life, whether or not we fuss it, will always go forward, drip through, in its own time, in its own way, gathering and developing, until it becomes *reactive*, dynamic. It cannot forgo its own processes, in the cause of which there must be much sleep and very much waste. And that is what the village is for—to guard the elementary processes, to correct rapidity, to conserve the understrengths of life, to delay cerebration.

We are bored by delayed cerebration—but that is where we are dangerous. Not that we see or accept at first that the village, knowing its own function, does not think. We think it does, it must—for our enlivenment. "We are the people of England and we have not spoken yet" we quote to each other knowingly. Dead right. We are at least the source of the people of England, the villagers might say, if they cerebrated! But the thing is that they are unlikely ever to speak. When

they speak they will not be villagers. No villager-proper will ever *speak* in the sense the poet envisaged. For those who speak or ever have spoken *qua* villagers, that is, by, for or through the village to the general world, have done so only after they have passed out beyond the particular village process, and out of widened experience and reactive development, have chosen then to speak for that important human source, the village. No writing—no speaking in any medium, art, philosophy, politics or music—can arise, if it is to reach any distance, from other than a complicated process of selection. And the villager, himself, at home, as he is, is not selective. He *is*.

The 'townees' don't get that in one. Perhaps nobody could. You have to try it out. And now it is being tried out—all over England. The literary among us immigrants—and some of these foreigners are extremely literary—are perhaps the hardest to teach. In a week or so of running round in a dull little place which is, mercifully, too busy with its eternal work to notice the new goings-on, some of these happy newcomers will have found an amazing collection of reproductions—nature most obligingly imitating art for them. Miss Allworthy here and Uncle Toby there, Old Simon Lee over the hill and Jack Durbeyfield at the pub; all Powys's devils in the very next hamlet and Lawrence's authentic game-keeper—at which we raise our brows—in the little hut by the quarry. The Scholar Gipsy under every bush, Hetty Sorrel innocently seeking trouble in the larchwood, and no less a person than William Cobbett holding forth by his own tractor.

If you are a writer they bring you these luminous friends. They are dashed at your absentminded "yes, yes." They think you are very dull and odd that you sit so much at home in your village, and miss all this that you *must* have come seeking. All you can do is agree with them, and let the whole thing be. Useless to say to them that these types they are whooping after exist so vividly in our conceptions now, not because they swarm through England's villages but only because *once* one lighted imagination bred them and compelled them, *once*, to lead their fully imagined, typical life. They forget the creative process and that art is not life. They forget that life is only a suggestion, and anyhow must be a fresh suggestion, to the artist. It is no use arguing with them; they are just excited people, rigging up the set for a charade.

But there never is any charade.

They see Rowlandson faces in the village, and all about it

Cotman landscapes; the village, naturally, does not. If they are humorous and hear "laughter from a tavern door," they go in to catch the characteristic wit. They hear one crudity of Old Garge's, and are delighted. They live to learn it is Old Garge's nightly crack, and has kept the pub going in humour this many a year. Or if some of them are, say, young women of the movie-philosophy, they may decide that Jed the cowman is "a nice chap—seems to 'ave a bit o' life in 'im"—well, they may be right—but one wonders if it will be *quite* what they mean or seek in the word 'life.' For this I will say about the 'townees,' while trying to hold the stakes and come down on no side, that I think that, for all their sins and vices, they have a better and more attractive sexual urgency than the country people; I think that, taking norm for norm, the spirited, dynamic, restless person has it, in the regions of feeling and lust, over the static, rural type. The latter tends to be monotonously dirty in sexual humour, and to be secretive and of a curiously dull, private tolerance in practice and acceptance. I sometimes think that in time the 'townees' may find themselves not so much bored by village sex philosophy as shocked by it. Villagers are shocked when the town boys throw stones at passers-by and call out rude words; but the 'townees' feel sick when they come on the local children's private torturings of cats and rabbits. So in sexual things, liveliness, expressiveness and the perhaps too quick response are likely to be shocked by encounter with a deeper, slower, unrelenting animalism.

Both philosophies, both type-conditions have their value and their danger; both are necessary to life's exaction. And they can manage to rub along together well enough when they have to, and even when they haven't. The norms of both are reasonably conformable to social requirement. But they cannot be forced into any kind of lasting structure together, I think. They must be allowed to be quite distinct from each other, and then they will get on kindly and contentedly. But when the villager is really sympathetic to what comes in from the towns, he has ceased to be a villager and is in process of becoming something else; and when the 'townee' is tired of his dynamics, he may come back and elect to live village life. And that should be all right—so long as he understands that the earlier processes of his growth have made it impossible for him to *be* a villager.

Nothing will disturb the slow, rich, wasteful, boring and valuable evolution of village existence. Not immigration or war or the motor-bus or the aerodrome or the movie. Watch

it. Over the years it absorbs them all, takes what it needs of them, lets them swallow that of it that is ready to be swallowed. But the old, unready, uncerebrating material keeps seeping up —and feeding life, for endurance, for patience, and for the kind of work on which all the world hangs, but which can only be got through by the slow, the hardly-thinking, the unresponsive.

So we go in vain, we responsive strangers, to the village hall; we go in vain to the taproom for its secrets. The villagers are wiser than we perhaps; anyway, they know we cannot know them or they us. Save imaginatively—which is not what the ordinary person wants, in temporary exile from experience. But it is no use trying to get more than one joke out of Garge; it is no use telling the lady at the inn how to make rich vegetable soup and have it ready for passing soldiers whose hunger so troubles her kind heart. She is troubled, and would give them anything—but she will not change or invent a custom for their sakes. She will do as her mother did, as the village inn does, now and forever. And it is no good your saying suddenly over a glass of ale: "I like that chap Sid. He's quite a spark. He has a lot of ideas." Silence will fall. Then someone will say: "Ideas, eh? Did you say ideas?" "Yes. This gent's talking of young Sid. Says he has ideas." Silence again. Then someone will certainly say: "Bad blood in that Sid. Always were in his lot. Bad blood. Gipsy blood in yon." Which will probably be perfectly true. And shows the village's strong, defensive sense. Ideas are not *village*. They come in on some sport, some fluke.

So we strangers fall into silence also. But we haven't faced facts yet. We can't. They are too improbable, too dull. We like this place and we are determined to be bright here.

NIGHT THEFT

By Joan Coster

I SAID, "I will not dream the Night away.
When the dark comes I'll keep a guard and set
A watch on Sleep, in case I should forget
Night's varied loveliness in casual Day.

But Sleep, like a mouse
Came nibbling at my Night . . .
With little munch,
And little scrunch,
Ate, first, the little wakeful noises of the silent house.
And then the talking voices of the breeze
Among the trees.

"A mouse, a Mouse against the Night.
White Owl, will she not take fright?"

And all my lovely stars, now, one by one.
Sirius, the Dog Star,
Orion.
Rigel, the blazing belt, and Betelgeuse.
And now, which others will she choose?
Capella and the Hyads,
Gemini.

"Aldebaran flames red as Mars,
A mouse, a Mouse, among the Stars!"

Perseus and Algol
Strain up higher
But nibble, nibble, and their fire
Goes out.
The Little Bear has turned about
And Sleep, sleek mouse, now creeps away . . .

LA FRANCE N'A PAS CHANGÉ!

By E. T. Wattley

La France n'a pas changé! That is what the proprietor of a little third-class hotel in Marseilles said to me at the end of a long conversation. And he said it twice.

I was staying there waiting for the visas necessary for the journey to Lisbon, and I liked talking with this man; he was a Captain in the Reserve, intelligent and thoughtful, and his logical mind was troubled by the situation. Pétain was expected next day at Marseilles and great preparations had been made for his arrival. On two Sundays his portrait had been sold in the streets for the benefit of French prisoners; from every shop window he looked out on the crowded streets; on all the lamp posts in the Cannebière slips of paper had been pasted, with sentences from the Maréchal's speeches; and thousands of suitable arrests had been made—though this we only knew later. Yet there was a curious silence in the groups of people who stopped to read the slips. My hotel-keeper perhaps expressed what was in the minds of most of them when he said:

"I shall hang out my flag to-morrow like everybody else, but I shall be doing that for Pétain, because Pétain represents France. That doesn't mean that I want collaboration with Germany, and nothing will make me believe that our Maréchal, the man who stood out so heroically against the Germans in the last war, can be wanting to be friends with them now. He may be forced to compromise in order to save France from further destruction, but in his heart, undoubtedly, he wants the victory of England and the liberation of France. And that's what *all* the people I talk to say. Ninety-nine per cent. of the people of Marseilles are with you English, heart and soul—*La France n'a pas changé!*"

This man was speaking from what he knew of Marseilles; and what I saw and heard in France after the Armistice makes me sure that his ideas were shared by the vast majority of the French people. I am not speaking of the bourgeoisie, the army or the navy (most of them, for various reasons of self-

interest, hurt pride, or just stupidity, seem willing to accept the entry of France into the German system) but of the mass of the French nation, the peasants and tradesmen, the workmen and artisans, the schoolmasters and clerks, wherever they may be found.

When we left our home near Paris on June 10 with the Germans rapidly drawing near, we found a first refuge near friends in a little town in la Vendée. There we spent three weeks, saw the Germans arriving in their lorries, and walking about under our windows; we could hear their orders being announced by the town-crier with his drum: "By order of the German military authority . . ." The town was very quiet; the friendly, smiling people seemed stunned by this incredible thing which had happened to them. France and England were no longer friends and allies, it seemed. There was nothing which could help them to understand—no papers, no radio. But the facts were there; French and Belgian refugees had been driven from the hotels to make room for German officers; telegraph and telephone wires had been cut, and the post office closed "till further notice." And the grey-green uniforms were swarming everywhere.

At first we kept to ourselves, feeling it better to listen rather than to talk. What would be the attitude of these French people towards three isolated Englishwomen? Would they believe the rumours of English failure and desertion? But as we went about the little town, doing our shopping or listening to the groups talking quietly in the street, we began to realize that nearly all these people were saying pretty much the same thing:

"It's no good even trying to understand what has happened. It's only the English who can save us now. *They* have never been defeated!"

Our host and hostess, a brother and sister, were retired shopkeepers, living a comfortable life in their own big house, where two rooms had been set aside for refugees. The brother was very old, and he seemed to grow more bent and decrepit as the days went on. "I never thought I should have lived to see France sink so low," he would say, shaking his head in a dazed kind of way.

One evening, his sister asked us to go to their sitting-room and try to get the English news. The French radio had been silent for several days. How pleased we were when we heard the familiar "This is the B.B.C. Home Service!" The British Government had that day recognized General de Gaulle as the

leader of all Free Frenchmen. We translated for the two old people. They took it in slowly. So, Frenchmen were going to be in two camps. What did it mean? "How I hope England will win the war!" said the old lady, as she wished us goodnight.

On Saturday, June 29, our friend and her daughter came in while we were still at lunch. They were very much worried. The news had just come that after midnight on June 30 nobody would be allowed to travel without a safe-conduct from the German authorities. Wouldn't it be wiser for us to get away while we could? Hadn't we friends in unoccupied France? A big map was produced, and rather unwillingly we planned our journey. We should aim for a small town in Central France, not far from Vichy. There we hoped to get help in making some sort of new home, for we had good friends and were sure to find a welcome. So, early next morning we set off, none too soon, we heard later, for the room we left was requisitioned by German officers that very night!

The story of our journey is too long to be told here. We began to breathe freely only when the demarcation line was crossed, near Poitiers. The rest was easy till our petrol gave out, a few miles from our destination. All along the road, the petrol-pumps had been emptied by the Germans, and we didn't know what we should do. But a very enterprising English nun was travelling with us, hoping to find a refuge in a French convent of her Order in the very town to which we were going. At early Mass in the place where we had stopped for the night, she had an inspiration; she would speak to the very devout French officer she had noticed serving at the altar, and ask him to help us. That was what she did, and our problem was solved, for after some delay, he turned up with an orderly and the petrol. He wouldn't hear of our paying for it, wished us *bon voyage*, and we went off. What was in this officer's mind I don't know; he belonged to a regiment that has always been famous for its gallantry, and that had been decimated in the recent fighting.

The journey was full of interest and adventure, but we were very glad to reach our destination. Our friends' house was overflowing with refugee guests, but there was an empty peasants' cottage to let, just two fields off; some simple furniture and a few necessities were lent us and we settled in to a primitive camping life. So began three and a half happy months. It was a three-roomed cottage, part of a long, low building made up almost entirely of barns and stables. As you

climbed the hilly road from the town, it stood out, higher up still, almost on the sky-line, surrounded by bare sloping fields.

It was a lovely place, but perhaps my most lasting memories will be of the friends we made there. Few of the people we met at tea-parties attracted us, but it was very different with all the simple people of the place, and we were soon on the friendliest terms with the farmers of the neighbourhood, the cottagers and the shop-people.

The nearest farm was about ten minutes' walk from our cottage, up a stony lane. Four generations lived there, and the little community was nearly self-supporting.

The friendliness of this family all through our stay is something good to remember. Our landlord had told us we could take on a small overgrown field near the cottage if we wanted to make a garden, and we threw ourselves passionately into the work, though it meant hard digging and it was late in the year for starting a garden. The B's. were always ready to help us with the loan of tools, or the gift of young plants, and with enthusiastic admiration when results began to come along. It was a very pleasant relationship. The husband, who had just come home after terrible experiences in the retreat, was in bad health and very shy, though he would often talk to us. He told us that among the soldiers, the current idea was that at Oran the English had fired on the French ships because they were manned by Germans. (We heard a good many people saying the same thing later on).

In the little town all the shop people seemed to be friendly to us, not in spite of our being English, but because we were English. The baker's wife was a very clever woman, keenly interested in politics and always anxious to discuss any new situation with us. One day when I went into the shop she was alone. "You know, Mademoiselle, I'm working for the Entente," she said. "How?" I asked. "Well," she said, "I preach! Yesterday a gentleman who is head of a college not far off came in and began raving against the English because of what they did at Oran, and I said to him: 'Monsieur, have you forgotten the oceans of blood that lie between France and Germany, and do you want to quarrel with our English friends for a little thing like that?' And, Mademoiselle, you'll hardly believe me, but in the end he had to say I was right! A decorated gentleman, too!"

One conversation I specially remember. It was just after the Dakar incident. We had spent the whole afternoon in one of the farmer's vineyards helping with the grape-gathering.

As it was Sunday, his brother, the schoolmaster in a neighbouring village, had come over with his wife and two boys to help. He was a tall, dark man, with a high forehead and thoughtful face, and laughter wrinkles round his eyes; we had been told that he was a passionate lover of poetry and had written critical articles for several papers. As dusk fell that evening and we began to pile up the empty baskets at the end of the long rows, he came up to us and said:

"What do you make of this Dakar business? Have you been able to hear anything on the English wireless that explains it in any way?" We had to admit that we were as puzzled as he was by the news. "Well," he said, "one thing we may be quite sure of, Churchill knows what he's doing. We'll have to wait till later on for the explanation of lots of things. France has come to a pretty bad pass, but we're not finished yet! We French people know how to make revolutions!" he cried. Then his voice sank. "But now we have no arms."

It was profoundly moving. France herself seemed to be speaking in the simple words of this cultured peasant.

We were sad indeed when, about the middle of October, we were told by the American Embassy, at Vichy, that our government wanted all British subjects to leave France and get home without delay.

Our friends were full of consternation when we told them our news.

"Going back to England?" said the mason's wife. "Isn't it very dangerous? But how splendid the English are! You just tell them when you get back how the people here admire them for their courage. If only we had known how to stand up to the Germans as you are doing now, we shouldn't be where we are to-day. You won't find many enemies of the English in *this* town! Oh! do come in and take a little glass of something with me and my husband!"

We had to drive to Vichy to take the train for Lyons and Marseilles. The first thing I heard as we got out of the car was a porter asking another in an undertone, "Where is the *Doryphore?*" (This is the common name all over France for that insect pest, the Colorado beetle, and is now used everywhere as a suitable name for German soldiers). I knew then that there must be at least one of them prowling round the station. So the man standing in front of me in the Enquiry Office seemed very daring when he turned round and said in English: "English? Good—England all right—America sending planes. More next month. England all right."

In all our train journeys from then on, it was curious to see how silent everyone was for the first few minutes, till some little remark broke down reserve and prudence and the whole carriage was buzzing with friendly talk. On the journey from Vichy to Lyons, my neighbour was a young woman, who spoke several languages and had read and travelled much. "You're English?" she said; "Going back to England? That needs courage, but then, the English are full of courage. But, listen! When you get back, you must take a message from us. Tell the B.B.C. to go on with their broadcasts in French; whatever happens, they mustn't stop those. It's the only way we have of hearing the truth. At first people listened quietly in their own rooms, but now they open their windows when they turn on the French news from London, so that the people in the street can listen too. My home is in Lyons and I've been staying here in Vichy. I can tell you the people of these two towns are with you heart and soul. We're quite sure England will win. Promise you won't forget my message!"

Marseilles was my first experience of the South of France, and I was enchanted by its colour and gaiety and vitality. But even here there were many signs that the war was not over. It wasn't possible for these gay Marseillais to forget that they were Frenchmen, and that though their city was not "occupied," it was still under the German boot. French and Italian Armistice Commissions had taken up their quarters in two of the big hotels; motor traffic had almost disappeared for lack of petrol; it was difficult to find a room in any kind of hotel, for the place was overflowing with refugees of all sorts. Some people were like ourselves, simply asking for repatriation, but others were people without a country, fleeing from German persecution, desperately and almost hopelessly trying to get to some new land across the water. We heard many tragic stories as we waited in queues at the Préfecture or the Sûreté or the different Consulates.

For seven weeks we lived in Marseilles; it took us all that time to complete our visas; and *we* were people with a simple record of thirty years' work in France, a country home near Paris in the hands of the Germans, no political activities of any kind, and black-listed neither at Vichy, nor Madrid, nor Lisbon! All these capitals had to be consulted on each individual case, and whenever a new visa had been achieved, we felt a huge step had been taken on our homeward journey.

It was a weary business, but there were many compensations. The first thing that struck us was the extreme patience and

kindness and courtesy shown to us English people by all the police officials, without exception. There smiles seemed to say to us, "We're officials, you know. This isn't the place for us to say what we think. But you understand, don't you?" Outside, in streets and shops and restaurants, there was none of this restraint. Scorn for the Italians was profound. One morning as I stood outside an Agency reading the latest Havas telegrams, I heard a man beside me chuckling. "Oh! les Maccaronis! *They* know how to run away all right!" And the day when the victory at Taranto was announced, a newspaper seller rushed into the restaurant where we were lunching. "Magnificent English victory!" he called out as he went among the tables, selling his paper.

The day after the bombing of Marseilles by unknown planes, "believed to be British," I overheard a woman in a tram saying, "Well, I suppose they'll be back again to-night and I'll have to be at my Red Cross post. But it's queer how one doesn't feel afraid! The English don't bomb civilians. And those R.A.F. men know how to aim straight, they always hit their targets!"

At last all formalities were over, and we were able to leave Marseilles for Lisbon. We had been told many alarming stories of the difficulties of the journey, especially of terribly severe customs examinations. So when we reached the little French frontier town of Cerbère and passed into the Customs House, we were ready for a disagreeable experience, sure we should be asked to go into the curtained-off corner, and more or less undressed, and prodded in the recognized wartime fashion. But nothing of the sort happened to us. The chief customs officer simply gave orders for all our luggage to be marked, without so much as asking for a key! It was good, just before leaving French soil, to have yet another proof of the friendliness French people still feel for their old allies.

We had to stay at Lisbon three months waiting for air-passages home. During that time I met and talked to many people who had come through from occupied and unoccupied France. They all said the same thing. It was clear that pro-British feeling was growing all over the country. Story after story was told to show that Parisians and others were not lying down calmly for Germans to walk upon them! There were frequent fights in cafés and restaurants. A German officer would order some Frenchman to give up his table, insults and blows would follow, and next day a notice would be posted up saying that so and so had been executed for insubordination.

A peasant woman one morning found herself next a German soldier in a bus.

"Madame, excuse me, but your brooch is undone, you're going to lose it." (It was a gold cock, a symbolic French cock). "Your poor little cock, he can't sing any longer!"

"No sir; he can't, he's very ill, but not too ill to say to you *M . . . .!*" (one of the most insulting of French words, often referred to as "*les cinq lettres.*")

One day a striking-looking young woman went into a restaurant in an unoccupied town. The room was crowded, and the only empty place she could find was at a table where two German officers were lunching. Why should she be driven out of a French restaurant by Germans? So she sat down. The officers looked her up and down. It was clear they were trying to find some way of speaking to her and at last the chance came. The meal was over and she took out a cigarette, but her lighter refused to work. Quickly one of the Germans produced his. "Permit me, Madame." "No, thank you, Monsieur," she said haughtily, turning away. "Waiter, a light, please!" And then to the officer, "You will excuse me, Monsieur, for my want of manners, but perhaps you will understand; my husband is an Englishman, fighting in the British Army!"

An old French family living in a Château in Brittany are ardently pro-British. One of the daughters told me how they rejoice when they see the skies red above the invasion ports, for they know what it means. They are just longing for the day when they can welcome British airmen in their home. "Tell them to come to my mother's house," this woman said, "they'll be received like princes!"

It was she who told me of a Breton village where two R.A.F. men had been brought down and killed. Strict orders had been given that no demonstrations were to be made at the funeral, and as the poor little procession went along to the cemetery, the people showed no sign of feeling of any sort. But the next morning it was found that the grave was covered with flowers. Not the elaborate wreaths and crosses generally seen at French funerals, with wide ribbons and gilt inscriptions, but hundreds of simple flowers, picked anyhow, and scattered on the grave during the night by simple, nameless people.

France will one day rise again. "*La France n'a pas changé!*"

THE POLES IN EXILE

By Joseph Braddock

THESE Polish airmen are charming. They have a sense of humour. The officers particularly are alert and witty. Their civilization is old, seasoned; their culture is of the best in Europe. But most of them have sad eyes. How could it be otherwise considering the brutal treatment of Poland? I have a postcard of the lovely Holy Virgin of the Ostra Brama in Wilno. I showed it to a class. I shall not show it again . . . .

One does not like to ask the Poles about their families. Flying Officer Parowski showed me photographs of his two little girls. All he knows is that they are in German-occupied Poland. He dare not write to them. The last correspondence was a year ago.

Three Polish officers come round to the flat in the evening. We drink beer and talk. Two of them are air aces, heroes of the September *Blitzkrieg* against Poland. Their stories are of fierce danger, cruelties, hardship, separation and endurance. One of them spent seven nights in a snow-bound forest, and then tramped for three weeks before he escaped into Rumania. When, now, I ask him how he likes this ex-pleasure town he says: " No, for me I like not the amusements. I cannot dance when hundreds of people are being killed. What is pleasure to some people is displeasure to me. I wish I could work all the time. I am most happy when I am working." The imaginative realization of suffering makes one almost ashamed of enjoying anything.

* * * * *

I am sitting between two Polish senior officers watching a ' Revuette ' by members of a Polish Air Force Unit; catching the expressions on their faces while they are off guard as it were, listening to the items on the programme I feel, perhaps, a little of their contagious sorrow. The Poles are a musical people. A pianist has played Chopin; he finishes Lizst's *Liebestraüme* as if the hackneyed melody were being heard for the first time, a wonder newly minted from the brain of the

composer. Now during singing by the Polish choir, following vigorous, gay, erotic Polish folk-dances, I realize the fate of Warsaw, the unscrupulous martyrdom of all Poland, the tragic separation and destruction of thousands of families, the utterly vile attempt to blot out a civilized and knightly race. What are we to do with the Germans after the war? It must be decided. The choir is singing in Polish—*Oath*:*

We will not give away the land
Whence springs our tribe,
Nor bury speech that's ours;
We're the Polish nation, Polish folk,
A regal Slovian tribe,
The enemy we'll not allow to crush us.
So help us God!
So help us God!

To the last drop of blood within our veins
We will defend the Soul,
Till crumbles, dust to dust,
The Teuton storm;
For us shall every threshold be a fortress.
So help us God!
So help us God!

As a Pole said to me, "Poland, though she is now very robbed and poor, is for me and us all more dear as never before."

* * * * *

The Poles are very anti-Jewish in sentiment. Admitted that the Warsaw Jews were among the worst Jews in Europe, there seems little doubt that the Poles were cruel to the Jews before the war. So here it is again, the Jewish problem!—and something will have to be done about it. The Poles have a Slav strain of cruelty, their hatred of the Germans amounts to a fanaticism. Many of them have sworn to kill at least three Germans, with an utter and fatalistic disregard of their own lives. And then there is another problem, the woman problem. Stated baldly you cannot expect thousands of unhappy men, separated for months—perhaps years—from their country, their homes and wives and sweethearts, to remain continent. To treat the matter lightly and from their own point of view, the Poles have certainly solved this problem satisfactorily in their own way.

"Eh," says Mrs. Wigglesworth, the woman who comes to do my cleaning, "but they're luvly lads, these Poles! The girls 'av gone fair crazy about them. Well, Ah can see it myself.

*From the Polish of Maria Konopnicka.

Ah suppose it will be partly theer foreign ways—. Now—they are so polite."

"Yes, they have a way with them."

"Yes, an' they're so good-looking. They have such dead-white teeth. Some of the girls teach them English. Ah suppose a foreign accent goes a long way? As Ah says to my husband, it isn't really theer fault. It's the girls that chases them. Glowing faces, crops of wavy hair, a few pairs of dark eyes but mostly eyes the same colour as theer R.A.F. uniforms with POLAND on the shoulders, and such dead-white teeth. Eh, Ah don't know. But they are such *luvly* lads!"

* * * * *

I have a large class of airmen, and walk about asking them questions. There is a smiling boy with clear blue eyes and white teeth.

"Is your landlady nice?"

"Yes, she is nice."

"Is she big or little?"

"She is little. I go with her to cinema to-night."

"Is she dark or fair?"

"I not understand."

"Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"She is blonde."

"How old is she?"

"She is seventeen."

"Impossible! That can't be your landlady. It must be her daughter. Is she a girl?"

"Yes, yes of course. She is a girl. She is pretty girl."

* * * * *

I am teaching a small class of advanced officers. We have done a poem by Leigh Hunt, a story by Lord Dunsany. In front of me Flying Officer Jezierski is smoking his pipe. There is Flight Lieutenant Wilkojc, there is Dr. Makos . . . . They wanted to know if the angel in *Abou Ben Adhem* was a she-angel!

"Are you all quite sure that you understand the meaning of the word 'moment'?"

It is Tanski who speaks. "*When I kiss the girl it is a sweet moment.* It is good? Can I say it?"

"Yes," I reply half absent-mindedly, "it is very good. Quite right."

* * * * *

The Poles are generous in the matter of giving presents.

Just before Christmas we Education Officers were embarrassed by the number of speeches (accompanied by heel-clicking and bowing) and presentations made by class leaders. We received silver inscribed cigarette-cases, leather writing-pads, books, lighters, etc. Polish gallantry surpassed itself when I had asked to have the inscription in Polish on an R.A.F. cigarette-lighter translated. The class leader replied: "It means—'To our very dear Professor. From the Polish Officers. The 25th day of December, 1940.'"

"But you must not call me Professor," I protested. "I am not a Professor."

"We know," he countered, "but we thought it would be a compliment to call you one."

And now they arrive for a Christmas party in the small sitting-room of our flat. They arrive loaded with presents, for my wife and daughter as well as for myself—carnations, scent, chocolates, cigars, a scarf, a brooch, and mounted on wood the Polish pilots' badge, an eagle holding in his beak a gold laurel crown. Their generosity is embarrassing; perhaps, I reflect, the psychological need for giving presents is at bottom tragic. One dare not enquire at all closely into their personal histories.

Now the evening reaches a climax. We have played games, pulled crackers and worn paper hats. The Poles are grouped together; several of them are sitting on the floor for lack of space. They are singing Polish carols and mountain-songs, beautifully, gravely. There are tears in their eyes.

When it is over, one of them brings out photographs of his family and says, "I have a daughter the same age—about—as your little girl. She is called Magda. Isn't she pretty?" I look and admire and say what I can. But I feel that I should like to hide my own daughter and spare him the contrast of our fates.

FRAGMENT OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By F. D. Ommanney

THERE was a time when the old Duke of Cambridge used to shoot rabbits in Richmond Park. I am not quite sure which Duke of Cambridge this was, or whether indeed there was ever more than one, but I have a vague idea he was a brother of Queen Victoria. Anyhow he shot rabbits in Richmond Park and might have been seen early on any fine summer's morning potting at them in the bracken around White Lodge. There were primroses in those days growing wild as you please in the coarse grass and there was no one to pick them. In those days my great-grandfather used to look through his French windows that overlooked the park, across his soft green lawn bounded only by an open iron fence, and be pleased if he saw a solitary human figure walking in the wide near distance. It gave life to the scene, he said. He should see it now!

By degrees life became more and more difficult for harmless and rather ineffectual old noblemen with their fowling pieces. Rude democratic voices were raised enquiring why the likes of him were allowed to go potting crown rabbits on crown lands. In due course the privileged sportsman died and went potting celestial rabbits around a residence even more Palladian than that very incommodious one in Richmond Park. They said they could never keep servants there because of the lonely walk through the park on dark winter's nights. Then the primroses retired to the depths of the Hickman plantation where two small boys one day, trespassing of course, attracted by a strange odour, suddenly stumbled upon the disintegrating remains of Mrs. Hickman, a doctor's wife from Richmond. Dr. Hickman did it. No doubt the small boys went home and had nightmares for weeks afterwards, as I did after seeing my first performance of *Peter Pan.* But as for human figures, the level turf beyond the smooth green lawn of my great-grandfather has been asphalted over to make a car park and the rest of it has been cut up to make football pitches. On the round pond, where you used to be able to fish for pike by special

permit, you may now ride in a paddle boat at ' tuppence ' a ride. The rushy margin of the pond, once the home of tadpoles and sticklebacks and other muddy joys, is bounded now by a concrete rim. The tall proud elms have been judged a danger to the public and have lost their sorrowful heads.

It is progress, I suppose, and it hurts. But the little old house where my great-grandfather lived has remained, gazing out upon progress from under its thatched eaves, deep embowered in trees, an island of holy quiet surrounded by a rising tide of ugly and unsympathetic clamour. The far distances, ridged with trees, that you can still see from its windows, rising gently to Wimbledon Common crowned by a windmill, are broken and toothed now by rows and rows of villas. Out of the gimcrack windows of W.C's and back bedrooms the twentieth century looks down into the eighteenth century pleasances of that dear garden where the ghosts walk.

I am one of those ghosts myself, I think, for if I close my eyes at night and turn my face to the pillow, or even if I lay down my pen now and think back a little, I am again upon those mossy pathways, under the resinous firs, and running over the smooth soft lawns covered with dew and the droppings of hedgehogs, illicitly dropped at night when all things slept. I can smell again the hot scent of box and privet and see the insects weaving in the patchy sunlight. It is all so long ago and yet so near to me.

The memories of one's childhood become hallowed at this distance of time. I do not know that my youth was a very happy one. I was a lonely nervous timid little boy. But the remembrance of early days seems to have burned itself into my mind in a way that the memory of later days has not done. Perhaps you live and feel more intensely in youth, more like an animal, when the world is new to you. Old Wordsworth was right. The child has a very special magic power which makes life shine with a lustre that leaves it in later years. He has a consciousness of beauty and the sense of a presence in the world which slowly dims. The knowledge dies, the entity fades and becomes diffuse and presently fades away. It is doubtful if you recognize the vision splendid for what it is until after it has faded.

Because I am nearly forty and because the vision has almost left me, I am trying to recapture it, " to recover only for a moment the wistfulness that is the past." I remember lying in my little bed in the downstairs bedroom in that old house, always called the " dressing room " because it adjoined

another downstairs room where my parents slept, praying in the darkness to be made grown up. "Oh, please God make me grown up soon." The only answer to my prayer was a long sigh from the tall elms and firs that waved their branches against the sky outside the window. Now God has answered my prayer and ah! how soon. Half the journey lies behind me already. Half the show is over. Let's go out and have a drink and see what we think of it.

At nearly forty I am that I am. Whatever I was going to be when I lay in that little bed and heard the dark trees sighing, that I have become. It is too late to turn back. It is too late to say "I'll know next time" or "I'll do better next time." There will be no next time. There is no sillier remark ever made than "It's never too late to learn." Of course it is and at middle life, at this half-way house, you have either learnt or failed to learn. You have either seen or not seen, felt or remained insensitive. If you are blind or deaf or insensitive now you always will be. It is possible that I may fall in love in the years between this moment and the end of my life but it is doubtful. The passionate friend or the heart's desire may be waiting round the corner but I think it rather unlikely. There may be new experiences, emotions, feelings still to be aroused but it seems improbable. There may be some new chords to be struck but I have an idea these strings have played all the tunes they know. Some of them were pretty discordant. They jangled a bit. But some linger sweetly in the memory and I shall try the strings again even if for their sake alone.

The little house in Richmond Park was the centre of my life for many years. At times we lived in it, at others we lived near it. But always my family seemed to revolve round it like attendant satellites round a sun. The exact relationship which we, the satellites, bore to our sun depended, it seemed, upon the rather tyrannical capricious old lady who ruled at the centre of our solar system. She was my grandmother. She had what was perhaps an unwarrantably large share in the control of my destinies throughout many formative years. When she died a whole structure collapsed in my little world. She had seemed to be an old lady when I could scarcely walk and had lived for more than thirty years in this same house. Her masterful personality had stamped itself upon the house and upon all of us so that her tricks of speech and mannerisms were already family legends in the earliest days I can remember. They still remain so, twenty years after her death, old jokes and old sayings, stored in a kind of metaphorical

lavender, brought out and smiled over still in private moments. Can this, I wonder, be her immortality?

So that when she died it seemed like the end of a chapter. We seemed rather like a boat suddenly adrift, its anchor cable parted. When we had to leave the house at her death we felt we had left harbour and set sail upon a wide and desperately lonely ocean.

This extraordinary, dominating little old lady had inherited the house from her father-in-law, the great naturalist Richard Owen. Besides conferring such benefits upon the community as the Zoo and the Natural History Museum (he was not, I think, to give him his due, responsible for its architecture) he held the post of lecturer in natural history to the Royal Family and who knows how he may not unconsciously have guided the course of history as he held forth in his resonant voice to rows of plain faced little princes and princesses, and even to the sour old Queen herself sometimes? He expounded the manners and habits of beasts and carefully skimmed, of course, over the less delicate aspects of his subject. I wonder what sort of impression the royal darlings went away with and how they thought the animals reproduced themselves. Perhaps they never gave it a thought, refusing to allow their minds to sink as low as that. But we may be sure that nothing so indelicate was ever touched upon by the lecturer. Not that the old gentleman had any qualms himself or cared what was delicate or what was not for his long-suffering wife, in one of those interminable diaries which people found time to write in those days, recorded rather wearily how he brought back the remains of a hippopotamus from the Zoo to dissect at home, filling the house with too African odours. A faint note of protest was perceptible in the patient diary. However, he knew which side his bread was buttered and no doubt skipped reproduction as we skipped over or skimmed round the inconvenient parts of the Old Testament at school. So well aware was he of the buttered side of his royal bread that when Thomas Henry Huxley was championing Charles Darwin and setting orthodox opinion by the ears Owen came down heavily and prudently on the side of the angels. He said that there could not possibly be any affinity between man and the apes because of certain important points of difference in the skull. I think the malleus was the critical bone. He was shown to be wrong in the very lecture room in what was then the Normal School of Science, now the Royal College of Science, where many years later his great-grandson, myself, was initiated into the mysteries of life

and acquired most of what he now knows of zoology. Here Huxley himself, at the end of one of Owen's lectures, arose like vengeance from among the audience and embarrassingly produced a human malleus from his pocket and confounded the lecturer. But Owen kept his job as lecturer to the Royal family and had a charming little house in Richmond Park bestowed on him for life. Huxley, on the other hand, died full of renown but almost penniless.

The old man lived in this house until he died at a great age—over ninety. He too was a dominating and masterful spirit with great personal charm, which he could turn on and off like a tap, and a biting sarcastic humour which he apparently reserved for his large family circle. He had stamped his personality upon the little house to such an extent that when we came to live in it many years afterwards, long after his death, his spirit still possessed it. It seemed redolent of him. To my mother who knew him in life it was almost as if he were still there, or had gone away only for a short time and might be seen again at any moment, tapping along the garden walks with his stick. Or shuffling down from the library in his carpet slippers to interrupt the most subdued conversation by remarking in a terrifying voice that there seemed to be a lot of noise going on. The house was full of heavy Victorian furniture which had been his and there were huge dark oil paintings which were supposed to be immensely valuable but, of course, were not. "My nice things," my grandmother affectionately called them. In spite of her affection for them she used to get experts to come down from London periodically to pronounce upon them with a view, perhaps, to selling them. The experts always made the same pronouncements and went away leaving her indignant and incredulous. There was a library upstairs lined from floor to ceiling with dusty volumes. It adjoined the old man's bedroom and at the last he used to sit here all day reading and making marginal notes in a quivering hand in all the books in the great collection, underlining, scoring through passages, marking them with angry exclamation marks, or indigant comments such as "Rubbish!" or "This is nonsense!" I still have a little leather-bound Keats. Where Hyperion is chasing a golden butterfly through the happy vales there stands, for all posterity to see how science regards the Muses, a long list of generic and specific names—the butterflies which science thought perhaps Hyperion was chasing! But at the end it was always the same book he read, upside down for he could no longer see and scorned the use of

glasses. It was called *Imaginary Conversations with the Duke of Wellington.* Reading it in the gathering gloom of his little room he would periodically tug the bell-rope and, when the summons was answered, acidly remark that it must be nearly dinner time. When told that he had dined only ten minutes ago he grew angry and inferred that his family were all in a conspiracy together to starve him to death. Poor soul, that dies at last before the temple that holds it has quite fallen!

In this quiet and cloistered room there lingered for years after his death a faint indefinable odour which I called "the library smell" but which my mother called the "grandfather smell." At certain times, particularly when his grandchildren and their families were in the house, at Christmas for instance, this faint aroma in the library became a live presence. It wandered like a spirit disembodied down the stairs and into the hall. Into the downstairs bedroom where I lay and prayed to be grown up, into the drawing-room with its satinwood furniture and marble figures where all his medals and decorations were displayed on purple velvet in a glass-topped cabinet. Possibly it comes there now when we have all gone and the house has central heating and electric light. Is this, too, his immortality? . . . .

(Mr. Ommanney, author of "South Latitude," is now serving at sea.)

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

NOW that German conquest has reached the Mediterranean and has even occupied several important Greek islands, while British forces are completely excluded from the European continent except at Gibraltar and the friendly corner which Portugal still occupies, it is well to take a survey of these not agreeable facts. Dr. Goebbels announces that Great Britain's defeat "is a military certainty" and probably all Germany believes wholeheartedly what he thus affirms. But in this same month of May twenty-one years ago an Irish officer who spoke German fluently was a prisoner not far from the Rhine, and found that then, and even in the following June and July of 1918, it was useless to dispute with any Germans. The war, they said, was over. This conviction was so universal and so firmly held that when news of serious reverses came, the very foundations of their minds were shaken. In his opinion this drop from absolute assurance brought about that moral collapse which by November had Germany on its knees begging leave to surrender.

European Survey

It is true that in May, 1918, France was still fighting and fighting hard, while American armies were already on French soil, whereas at present Britain's one ally is Greece whose main territory is now in enemy hands. America is indeed an arsenal and shows a disposition to ensure delivery of what it supplies; still, comparison does not flatter the present. But there is this to be remembered. In 1918 both the British and French armies were desperately war-weary. No one suggests that this is true of the British forces now engaged in Africa—still less of the great mass of men heavily armed and equipped for defence of the central fortress. Admittedly German manpower also is quite unexhausted but its tasks are enormous as compared with what it had to do in 1918. France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Poland and Czechoslovakia have all to be held down while these new victories have made demands for new garrisons in Serbia and in Greece. Meanwhile Italy is

already even more of an encumbrance than Austria had become after four years of war, while Russia, which in 1918 was down and out, is at all events a solid if not a menacing bulk. It is not easy to see what Germany has gained either in Serbia or Greece except to prevent the total rout of Italy. Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary are sources of supply; Yugoslavia and Greece are in no condition to be anything but a drain on German resources. Unquestionably however German successes in this campaign have had their effect on the minds of those states about whose frontiers the conflict sets up a backwash. Turkey must be powerfully impressed. Irak, or at least a powerful section of Irak, has decided to be on the German side while Turkey will certainly stay out so long as Turkish territory is respected. Yet can this respect be reconciled with Germany's ambition to reach the Suez Canal? Success is often perilous because it creates a need to exploit gains by further advance, and a check anywhere may have consequences very far off. Britain's reverse in Greece and in Libya led to trouble a thousand miles off on the lines of the oil supply; in the same way any German failure anywhere would probably be followed by a rising somewhere—in Norway for instance. Is there any country where the German overlordship is not felt as a humiliation? Possibly Hungary may be such a land; but when we are asked to compare Hitler with Napoleon it is well to remember that Napoleon was able to form a bodyguard of Poles. We are not likely to see Hitler so surrounded—not at least for his protection.

To sum up there is every evidence that the months of this summer will be a testing time for courage and energy; but we were fully warned of this and we do not expect a victorious conclusion at any near moment. Germany does expect that, and has been encouraged to expect it, and is in danger from probable disappointment which the people of this island and of this Commonwealth do not share. I do not see how Germany is to break down the resistance of the Commonwealth which is centred about the resistance of Great Britain unless she can win the battle of the Atlantic and cut sea borne supplies —that is, unless she can achieve a victory on Britain's own element. But neither do I see how Germany can be beaten on the water. Germany can be beaten only on German soil. That defeat may well be, this time as it was last time, moral rather than military.

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Readers of Balzac, even the most devoted, do not often think

Moral Diagnosis

of him as a prophet; but turning back the other day to one of his most characteristic creations, *L'Illustre Gaudissart*, where he sketched the commercial traveller as the typical figure of our time I came on these observations—just about one century old: "Does not the bagman mark the grand transition from intellectual to material development? Our age will join up the reign of individual force, rich in original creation, to that in which force is uniform and levelling, standardizing products and flinging them out in mass, obedient to the impulse of a unitary mind which is the final expression of society."—As one might say the New Order. But Balzac goes on: "After the violent efforts of civilization which piles up riches at a chosen point, does not the darkness of barbarism invariably follow?"—Darkness or not there is no doubt about the dispersal of accumulations—one side squandering that we may still call our souls our own, the other that mankind may be relieved from all further necessity to think.

Here is another curious example of moral diagnosis. Sir Cecil Spring Rice was a diplomat whose range both of experience and of reading was remarkable; Greek culture and Greek civilization appealed to all in him that loved beauty; yet this is how he wrote in 1898 to his old Eton tutor about the Greeks:

> Here I am in Constantinople. I have been in Asia Minor and seen the ruins along that shore. Here was a people, civilized, rich and prosperous, but where are they now? And those who know Greeks and Armenians can only say, no wonder the old civilization perished. All the science and all the gold of the old world availed nothing; they couldn't be honest and they couldn't fight. It is a terrible feeling when you see a fragment of a Greek temple with its pure deep carving and perfect marble built into a Turkish castle, raised to keep the last Emperor from feeding his people.

Up to the last European War and even after it, this estimate of the Greeks was common among northern Europeans—except for such as knew the history of the Balkan wars in this century, so unlike that of the Greco-Turkish war, still recent when Spring Rice wrote. Greeks were counted as dagoes, and the worst kind of dagoes. Now Greece, beaten but undefeated, receives tribute to its valour even from the Germans, no generous witnesses. What has brought about this change in less than half a century? For change there has been. Perhaps it came because Greece has been forced to shake off the Asiatic influences; perhaps because the tonic effects of their astonishing recovery from that defeat which put them out of

Asia Minor. Anyhow, to-day Greek valour is established like that of Finland.

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Basic English

Any student of writing will find much interest in the version of the New Testament in "Basic English."* The first conclusion is that a modest vocabulary suffices for an immense range in narrative, poetry and philosophy. Of course extra colours and sound values are given by the inclusion of many proper names which do not rank among the 850 words out of which the version is said to be composed; of course also, these new translators, working with the Jacobean cadences in their minds were bound to a close discipleship; it is not original writing—none the less they have shown remarkably what can be done with English that is current to-day; and repeatedly by a small retouching they have brought back life to words that were in danger of losing it. "Basic" is not to be taken in any pedantic sense; there has been no attempt to avoid Latinisms where the Latin word is fully domesticated; and Anglo-Saxon usages which have grown obsolete have been discarded, notably thee and thou.

> The glory which you have given to me I have given to them, so that they may be one even as we are one; I in them and you in me; so that they may be made completely one and so that it may become clear to all men that you have sent me and that they are loved by you as I am loved by you.

That is a deal clearer to the modern reader than "I in them and thou in me, that they be made perfect in one." Obviously one must feel the loss of familiar beauty in any new rendering of St. Paul's famous Discourse on Charity. Yet compare these two, "Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." "Love is never tired of waiting; love is kind, love has no envy; love has no high opinion of itself, love has no pride." Let us admit that many modern readers will be more edified by the modern version. Still, we are committed to a new idiom and it goes on: "Love has the power of undergoing all things, having faith in all things, hoping all things." Is it really only the rhythm that seems so much nobler in the authorized Version "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things." When the passage is simple narrative, as in St. John's account of the betrayal in the Garden beyond the Brook Kedron it

*The New Testament in Basic English: A New Translation. Cambridge University Press and Evans Brothers. 3s. and 8s. 6d.

seems to me that the alterations actually freshen the sense and take nothing away. It is possible that this work may bring many new readers to the Bible and bring back many, approaching it in a new spirit.

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In Eire minds are powerfully affected by raids on Belfast, one of which killed over five hundred people. Naturally the disposition to remain neutral is strengthened, but warmth of fellow feeling for the sufferers has been created without regard to political divisions. Refugees poured across the Border, a subscription started by the *Irish Times* raised ten thousand pounds for their relief within a few days, and at each raid fire-fighting appliances and ambulances were hurried to the scene—and were loudly cheered when they got there. We all know that there has not been so much active ill feeling between North and South for twenty years as of late, and all welcomed any relief. More than ever in these times one regrets the loss of a man who seemed likelier than any other to mitigate this old feud. Godfrey Day, who for eighteen years had been Bishop of Ossory, was elected Archbishop of Armagh in April, 1938, but lamentably died six months later. In his cathedral city of Kilkenny he was as popular with Catholics as with his own people, not only by beneficence but by friendliness. First and last he had taken keen interest in games; in a biography* by Professor Hartford he is described as "the unusual combination of a mystic and a good bat." Kilkenny didn't see him much on the pitch, but he was President of the golf club on his merits; and I heard him rejoice in the opportunities they gave for knowing the clergy who were not in his jurisdiction. But what he dwelt on specially was the fact that in his diocese Protestant farmers were sticking to their farms and some of the landlord class who had left their homes were returning. Elected to Kilkenny in 1920 at the height of the troubles, he saw Ireland slowly settle down to a normal way of life, yet always vexed by the open sore of partition. What he hoped to do in Ulster, lay in his own mind and there was no time given to disclose it. But no other man has appeared in Ireland, either in North or South, so well able to preach and practise appeasement without the least suggestion of surrender.

* Godfrey Day. Missionary, Pastor, and Primate. Talbot Press, Dublin. 7s. 6d.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A VALUABLE SURVEY

By Hugh Quigley

MUNICIPAL TRADING, by Herman Finer. *Allen and Unwin.* 16*s.*

The effect of the war on all kinds of local and national organization may be so revolutionary as to give to the survey of any one form of economic activity only historical value, but it is essential that before large schemes involving new types of control are adumbrated, there should be exact knowledge regarding what has already been achieved. It is a sufficient comment on the public interest in economic organization that some thirty years should have elapsed between Knoops' book on municipal trading and Dr. Finer's very comprehensive and thorough survey.

That period of thirty years has covered one major war, and has been represented by a fundamental reconstitution, not so much of what organized society has required in the purely mechanical sense of making it work, but in the broader question of principle and effective performance. In the sphere of municipal trading which is by no means new, emphasis is laid now rather less on the question of whether the municipalities should supply their own public utilities and essential services than on the efficiency and value of the services themselves. The war between private enterprise and municipal trading was never as real in this country as in the United States, because it was fairly early recognized that a democratic community is entitled to insist on adequate public services and has the right to choose the organization which should perform those services most efficiently and with the maximum of public responsibility.

Dr. Finer has traced step by step the history of the various forms of municipal trading which relate mainly to water, gas, electricity and various types of transport. Latterly, the more enterprising municipalities have branched out into other forms of trading such as banking, waste conversion and disposal and even agricultural production, and it is a moot point, for example, whether housing, which is omitted by Dr. Finer, should not rank *pari passu* with gas and electricity as an economic enterprise.

It is unfortunate in a sense that Dr. Finer should have confined his survey almost exclusively to the four services already mentioned, but that specialization does not weaken the value of the study or invalidate in any way his conclusions regarding such questions as management of the services, relationship between the bodies elected by the community, such as town councils, and the permanent officials chosen to operate those services, the responsibility

of the services as measured by rates and by availability of supply to the community at large, and on the other side the responsibility of the community towards the services. The system of applying the profits of those services to the relief of rates is just as objectionable as the system of charging certain special prices for one service in order to subsidize another, a practice which is becoming increasingly common where gas and electricity are merged in the one executive committee.

Whether, in the new scheme of things, a unit as small as the ordinary municipality will be allowed to continue trading in those essential services, or whether greater regional organizations will be created such as that proposed for Tyneside, to effect a more carefully balanced geographical distribution of services, is a question which Dr. Finer does not investigate, although he comes close to it when discussing electricity distribution.

The difficulty is that, unlike the United States, the study of public utility operation and control is not a favourite subject of research in this country, and there is no real body of information available for the investigator. It is only necessary to consider the number of authorities and individuals consulted by Dr. Finer to understand how difficult was the task of making a preliminary survey, and it is significant that among all the authorities consulted there is not a single report by a Royal Commission on this question of trading by municipalities or by other public bodies. This may be due to the fact that the rights of private enterprise have been and are so strongly entrenched that all questions dealing with municipalities must be treated sub rosa, but the absence of really authoritative and complete information regarding this subject is not one of the least deplorable deficiencies in our national economic organization. It is absurd to embark on the discussion of town and regional planning, the concentration of industries, the re-disposal of population, or the reconstruction of our educational system if no study has been made of what has been achieved by a community organized to carry out an economic function. How can one amalgamate the public services carried out by any group of municipalities if one does not know what they are?

Dr. Finer does give us at least the first definition, but in his attempt to discover the definition, he has been forced to rely on the method of sample rather than on the results of a complete survey, and the method of sample is not a very safe method when one is dealing with such unequal units as the modern municipalities. To strike an average between a town like Manchester and a town like Leigh-on-Sea must be beyond the capacity of any economist, and it is not easy even to establish direct lines of assessment as between Manchester and a town of approximately the same size such as Sheffield. That may be in itself one of the most valuable characteristics of our democracy, but it does not make life easy for the legislator and still less for the simplifier.

Dr. Finer's book will not help the idealist, but it will be of very great value to the student who tries to understand why the community should have been forced to undertake its own essential services and the types of economic organization it has been forced to evolve in order to carry them out.

CHINA'S STRUGGLE WITH THE DICTATORS, by O. M. Green. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

THE UNITY OF INDIA, by Jawaharlal Nehru. *Lindsay Drummond.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the changing patterns of world political geography to-day the vast terrains of China and India seem to offer greater possibilities for defence against aggression than most other countries. The Japanese offensive seems to have got bogged in the interior of China, till Japanese militarists are being forced to consider a diversion in the Pacific. The myth of an invasion of India through the North-Western Frontier, being a survival in the English colonial imagination of the days when the Tzars ruled Russia, has long since been exploded, at least for the Indian people, by the Russian Revolution. The bogey of possible Japanese incursions into the hinterland of East Asia does not frighten anyone who knows of Japan's debâcle in China, as well as the height of the Himalayas, and the absence of any natural harbours on the long coast line of India. It is conceivable that Burma is in danger as it is the supply line for China and borders on the countries converging on the Singapore base, but Japan has yet to show its hand.

But all these military and strategic considerations are of less importance in this regard than the emergence in both India and China of a united will against foreign domination among the people, the bedrock of any modern defence against aggression.

That this unity among the peoples of China and India, respectively, is not a mere figure of speech is proved in these two books by a realistic and forthright analysis of the various elements in the Chinese and Indian situation. There is no glossing over the diversities of the social and ideological outlook among the Chinese or the Indian people, and it is precisely for this reason that the common purpose to which they point becomes significant.

Apart from the tendentiousness of his leader-writer kind of narrative, Mr. Green, an ex-editor of the *North China Daily News* and then Reuter's Far-Eastern correspondent, faces up to the various elements behind the Chinese front with a courage shorn of many British prejudices. He traces the course of Chinese history from the 1911 Revolution, when the thousands of years' old local sense of the feudal village and the provincial town gave place to national self-awareness, through the civil war among the recalcitrant war lords and the internecine strife within the Kuomnitang, the national party founded by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, through General Chiang Kai-Shek's coup against the communists in 1927, to the Generalissimo's final acceptance of a united front with them against the menace of Japan. His assessment of the economic and political basis which has led to the moulding of a hard-pressed peasantry into an efficient soldiery is concrete, though he nowhere attempts an analysis of how trustworthy is the Chinese bourgeoisie. And, in his eagerness to prove that China's struggle is the same as the struggle of the Western democracies against het Dictators, he forgets to mention Lord Simon's acceptance of Japan's conquest of Manchukuo and refuses to apportion the guilt for the betrayal of the Nine Power Treaty and the deliberate closing of the Burma Road.

Pandit Nehru's essays are comparatively far more sensitive and profound, even when they happen to be mere jottings on current affairs penned during railway journeys. For, essentially, they are comments on a theme which the author has been developing since he began to write *Glimpses of World History*, a theme which is no less than the elaboration of a new world outlook, the outlook of the people's movement of India. So that the analysis here is unhampered by the trappings of diplomatic jugglery and proceeds straight to the heart of the subject. For instance, the definition of the social, cultural and political unity of India is no mere special pleading but an objective estimate of those forces in Indian history which are the true heritage of the people as against the transcendental ideas which foreign historians have frequently isolated and emphasized to stimulate disunity in India. Similarly there is here an authentic estimate of the various forces inside the Indian National Congress, constructive criticism showing to what extent the Congress kept its election pledges to the peasantry when it took office in the provinces; there is an acute analysis of those strongholds of the Indian 'fifth Column,' the native states; there are a series of essays on the inter-relationships of the world people's movements; and, finally, there are speeches and documents pertaining to the breakdown of Indo-British negotiations after the Viceroy had launched police war on the Congress, through which Nehru finds himself to-day in prison under a sentence of four years' rigorous imprisonment.

MULK RAJ ANAND.

THE HABSBURG MONARCHY, 1815-1918. by A. J. P. Taylor. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

There was a saying in old Austria: one must be Austrian born to understand Austrian policy. Mr. A. J. P. Taylor proves in his book *The Habsburg Monarchy* that this is not necessarily the case. He show that an Englishman, too, can understand exceedingly well the seemingly inexplicable, contradictory and erratic ways of Austrian policy if only he does not allow himself to be deviated from the path of historical objectivity by taking sides in that tragic struggle of the Austrian nationalities.

Mr. Taylor begins with the year 1815, when, after the storms of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, Europe was trying to regain her breath. The Imperial House of Austria had brought home rich booty out of the wars, Lombardy, Venetia and the Kingdom of Illyria. Francis I, who already had adopted the title of Emperor of Austria in 1804, and two years later renounced the empty dignity of the title Roman Emperor wanted to consolidate his Austrian Empire. Taylor expostulates that he was not equal to this great work, because he had no constructive ideas, believing that "it was far better to keep in being a rotten, worm-eaten edifice, than to experiment with it and bring it crashing to the ground."

This is a very hard judgment indeed. To begin with, the Austrian Empire which came into full existence in 1815 was far from being rotten and worm-eaten. It had not only weathered the storms of the French Revolution, but it had, through nearly a quarter

of a century borne the main brunt of the Napoleonic Wars. Francis therefore had not a decaying empire which he had to prevent from falling to pieces. It is true he did not continue the work of reforms which had been begun by his uncle Joseph II. He was certainly the centre of resistance against the modern liberal and revolutionary ideas which in all European countries began to attack the walls of ancient conceptions and systems. But it cannot be denied that at his death he left his Empire stronger than ever.

It was so strong that ever a settlement with liberalism could have been reached. But neither Metternich nor the ministers who followed him in Austria ventured upon such a solution because they were not able to overcome the fundamental problem of the empire : the relations between Hungary on the one side, the dynasty and Austria on the other. With profound understanding Mr. Taylor shows that it was the megalomaniac lust of domination and haughty over-taxation of their own ethnical strength, which drove the Magyars, a minority in their own country, into the everlasting struggle, not only against the interests of the dynasty, but also those of the whole Empire. The two other dominant peoples of the monarchy, the Germans and the Poles,added their well-measured part to the tragic errors which prevented the construction of a state organization solely based on the voluntary loyalty of all nationalities.

The dynasty itself cannot be exonerated from the blame that it did not try to solve the problems which in reality were insoluble only on the surface. There was a way, as Mr. Taylor proves beyond any doubt, to abolish the predominance of the three dominant peoples—the Germans, the Magyars and the Poles. The dynasty had to win over the subject peoples, the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Ruthenians, the Rumanians, Croats, Serbs and Slovenes. But, it saw its interest only in the maintenance of its paramount position, with all the privileges appertaining to it and for this reason always allied itself to the dominant peoples who on their side were eager to support the Imperial government as long as it guaranteed their predominant position. Therefore the end was inevitable and to evade the inevitable, the monarchy sought its last refuge in an internal war. "If the monarchy is doomed to go down, then it shall go down in honour." These were the words of the old Emperor Francis Joseph when he put his signature to the declaration of war.

Mr. Taylor, his eyes fixed only on the history of Austria-Hungary, saddles the monarchy, nearly exclusively, with the responsibility for the war of 1914-1918. In all his impartiality he overlooks one factor which was much more decisive for the tragic turn of European politics —Pan-Slavism. Without the support of Pan-Slavism, neither the north Slavs of the monarchy, nor its south Slavs would have gathered the strength to destroy the Habsburg Empire. Without Pan-Slavism the fatal shot of Sarajevo would never have been fired. If Austria-Hungary had to go to an external war in order to terminate her internal difficulties this was much more the case with Tzarist Russia, where the corrupt governmental system could not have been saved even by a victory. As the circumstances were Tzarist

Russia collapsed earlier than the Habsburg Monarchy.

But while Russia was able to rebuild her national home, the disappearance of the Habsburgs left in Central Europe a vacuum which all the small successor states, founded on the soil of the former monarchy, were unable to fill. They had learnt nothing from the past and have now to bear the consequences. Their leaders therefore ought to study Mr. Taylor's book, from which they can learn the mistakes to be avoided in the future.

ERNST KLEIN.

FOUNDATIONS OF VICTORY, by Lord Davies. *Collins.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

By his statement that the present war is "the greatest Civil War the world has ever witnessed," Lord Davies lays down the only principle upon which victory and the creation of a new world order is possible. For this time the conflict concerns not geographical frontiers, but the way of life of men and nations. Considering that the human mind is intrinsically not better to-day than it was 10,000 years ago, the enormous difficulties involved in the establishment of a new order under which humanity can live are obvious. Lord Davies is well acquainted with these difficulties, yet this does not affect his optimism. And that is what gives his book an inspiring power.

I cannot, in this brief review, enlarge upon his proposals relating to the internal political sphere, which combine ruthless criticism of past and present errors and deficiencies with constructive ideas concerning the foundations of victory. More important is the New World Order which Lord Davies regards as the aim of the present war, an aim which alone can justify the colossal sacrifices that are being made. Unfortunately, the part of the book dealing with this New World Order is rather too short.

Above all, I regret the absence of a comparison of the author's conception of a new world order with the so-called New Order of the Nazis. Such a comparison would be necessary, at least in outline, and should be included in any future edition. I also find that Lord Davies deals very sketchily with the idea of the super-national organization proposed by himself, which is to ensure the proper functioning of the great federative structure constituting the foundation of his new world order. Rather striking is the care with which Lord Davies evades the question of a possible reform of the League of Nations, of which he was once a foremost supporter. And I deeply regret the absence of any mention of the great rôle which the Christian Churches must play in the establishment of a really new world order.

The New World Order as visualized by Lord Davies would render war unthinkable—a task which Kant has described as the greatest and most difficult that has been set for humanity. The very fixing of such an aim demonstrates the unbridgeable character of the gulf that exists between the totalitarian systems and Western thought. The one represents domination by a single nation based on brutal violence; the other, the rule of all in favour of all on the basis of law and justice.

As a condition of the New World Order Lord Davies demands the establishment of a British-American Commonwealth. The creation of the

United States of Europe is to be enforced by the British-American Commonwealth and peace is to be made only with such a Europe. In order to serve its purpose, the Commonwealth must be strong in the military sense, and is to possess an Air Force of 50,000 aircraft, as well as a powerful Navy. The inconsistency of this demand with Lord Davies's demand for total disarmament is only apparent; for according to him disarmament is not to consist in the destruction of armaments, but in their surrender to a supreme international organization, of which the British-American Commonwealth would be only a part; in the collectivization of all military power for the purpose of collective security alone.

This proposal links up with the ideas which Lord Davies expounded in his book, *The Problems of the 20th Century*, ideas upon which the constructive pacifists of the Continent based great hopes. Of considerable psychological significance is Lord Davies's proposal to allow a "cooling-off period" before a final peace conference makes any final decisions. Evidently, therefore, a dictated peace would be precluded. The ultimate aim, which Lord Davies indicates rather than discusses, is the conversion of our planet into a single spiritual, moral and economic unit.

E. MULLER-STURMHEIM.

FAITH FOR LIVING, by Lewis Mumford. *Secker and Warburg*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

To be asked to review a book which deals with contemporary affairs has much in common with a summons to a coroner's court; we arrive to gaze upon the corpse of European civilization, we raise knowing eyebrows at references to the decay of democracy, and we make a sign of despair when the verdict informs us that death has been caused by a mind rendered unsound through the poison of a supine liberalism. *Faith for Living* is no exception and Mr. Lewis Mumford does not hesitate to pile up the agony, in fact as he says in the preface: "Even those who share its faith may be dead before they can make their beliefs fully manifest. At best, this book is a testament for survivors if ever they reach shore."

After such an introduction, I hasten to add that in spite of the black and somewhat hackneyed pessimism of the author I enjoyed his book, even if I failed to take some of his majestic—and obviously trans-Atlantic—criticisms as seriously as he would like, and I am sure that those who have read his earlier *Men Must Act* will not be surprised at my appreciation.

Mr. Mumford's passionate belief in democracy is as striking as the ruthless methods he is prepared to employ to defend Freedom from fascist aggression. "The minimum precautions necessary for fighting fascism must include keeping every fascist group or pro-fascist group off the air, denying the use of the United States mails to every fascist publication; submitting to a National Board of Censorship every item given out by the government of Germany, Italy, Russia or Japan; and finally putting into jail the active ringleaders of fascism, under a law which would make the espousal of fascism itself an act of treason against democracy."

The author is not slow to point to the corruptions in the social and political life of Great Britain and to show how

"the benighted fools who governed England in 1936" are partially, and possibly criminally, responsible for the victorious rise of Nazi Germany and for the betrayal of democracy; though he seems to believe that Mr. Churchill is sufficiently unlike Mr. Chamberlain to enable him to rid this country of the deathly paralysis which has crept over it.

Perhaps the most striking paragraph of the whole book is to be found on p. 144; it is worth quoting in full as it is the epitome of Mr. Mumford's argument:

> Probably we are now witnessing the last great crisis of this megalopolitan power civilization; with its centralized, overgrown cities, its slums and superslums, its drab and progressively meaningless routine based on a wholesale denial of the elementary needs and values of all living creatures, and an utter dearth of traditional roots and ideal aims. Parasitopolis—the city of parasites—no longer has the strength or will to defend itself; the passive barbarians within it will surrender to the active ones, unless they experience a swift transformation which will bring back their morale. Tyrannopolis will reign over a ruined world unless—unless the disease creates the antidote.

As for the antidote, it is to be found in the psychological possibility of a large scale conversion, "deep-seated, organic, religious in essence, so that no part of political or personal existence will be untouched by it." It must not be assumed that Mr. Mumford is demanding a return to religion in the sense of a return to organized ecclesiasticism—he is much too contemptuous of the Churches for that—but he does urge a disciplined spiritual life, based upon deliberate withdrawal and meditation: "A half-hour a day, at least, in solitude; free from all calls or interruptions—alone, as the saying used to be with one's God." In his concluding paragraphs he gives his religious interpretation of man's destiny:

> Man's destiny is a great one because the essence of it is tragic. All that he builds crumbles; all that he embodies turns to dust; all that he loves most, he must one day leave behind. That which alone endures on earth is the spirit in which he understands and meets his faith. Death comes to all; but death comes best to those who are ready to die so that Man may live. The words of Jesus are ultimate in their wisdom: "He that loseth his life shall find it."

Those who have undergone the discipline of the history schools at a University and who have studied previous situations not so dissimilar from the present will be inclined to take a longer and perhaps less drastic view; that, however, does not detract from the worth of *Faith for Living*, and Mr. Mumford is to be congratulated on his challenging and penetrating analysis.

MERVYN STOCKWOOD.

GERMAN LITERATURE THROUGH NAZI EYES, by H. G. Atkins. *Methuen*. 6*s*.

RAINER MARIA RILKE, by E. M. Butler. *Cambridge University Press*. 21*s*.

Professor Atkins' book is a devastating revelation of the corruption of cultural values in Germany by zealots for Nazi ideology. He describes the regimentation of literary periodicals and publishing houses and with numerous citations shows how literary critics, dutifully toeing the Party line, have explained away merits of authors no longer officially acceptable or, worse still, have re-interpreted them to suit their crackbrained theories. Goethe

and Schiller, Lessing and Klopstock. as well as various contemporary writers are, as it were, drawn through the mangle by these egregious little pedants.

Professor Atkins quotes, among other Nazi "authorities" extremely interesting passages from Linden's *Volksbewegung der deutschen Romantik*, interesting because they indicate a fanatical repudiation of the rationalism of Western Europe and because their account of the liberation of modern man from the "religiously unified world" of the Middle Ages contain some half-truths and are therefore all the more dangerous to unformed minds. Ironically enough Thomas Mann has been wholeheartedly repudiated by Nazi theorists since his departure abroad in 1933, whereas in 1918 in *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* he championed German *Kultur* against western *Zivilisation*. One often notices in emigrants an ambivalence between rejection of Nazi tyranny and pride in the dynamic qualities of the nation from which they are exiles.

A similar pride is perceptible even between the lines of Heine's famous warning in his *History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany* :—

> Christianity—and this is its fairest merit—subdued to a certain extent the brutal warrior-ardour of the Germans, but it could not entirely quench it . . . When you hear a crash such as never before has been heard in the world's history then know that at last the German thunderbolt has fallen. . . . There will be played in Germany a drama compared to which the French Revolution will seem but an innocent idyll. . . .

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CASSELL

Professor Atkins is at pains to do justice to Hans Grimm and Guido Kolbenheyer despite their nationalistic bias but he might have spared us quotations from journalistic *Penguins* on the subject of Germany and given us something of Moeller van den Bruck's *Das Dritte Reich*, a forerunner of Nazi ideology. And what about Gottfried Benn, the expressionist poet and most notable intellectual convert to National Socialism? Or, for that matter, Ernst Jünger, or the ill-fated Niekisch, now serving a long term of imprisonment in the Reich? These more aristocratically-minded Nazi extremists have greatly influenced younger spirits both in the Party and in the Army. National Socialism is a revolutionary gospel and we cannot afford simply to laugh at the tame pedants when there are more formidable exponents of this nihilistic creed. But if Professor Atkins intended to provide busy leader writers with propagandist shot and shell against the Third Reich then he has certainly succeeded in his purpose.

It is a relief to turn to less melancholy reading Professor Butler's most illuminating study of Rilke, the greatest German poet since Hölderlin. She disclaims intentions of expounding Rilke as the mystical mythologist he set out to be but discusses at some length whether his vision had religious validity or was merely subjective. It is an enlivening though unsparing picture that she draws of his life and work in various vicissitudes of fortune from his wretched schooldays, his visit to Russia and Tolstoy, his years at Worpswede and at Paris, the ebb and flow of his friendship with Rodin, and his various love affairs, to his tragic end.

Adopting the psychoanalytic approach to the subject, though with more delicacy and insight than many Freudians, Professor Butler alludes to his "tragic incapacity to satisfy his own unattainable demands" and deduces the source "from which sprang his fear of love the slayer, his intense desire to save women from their destiny, his gospel of renunciation, his abiding distrust of men as lovers and his tormenting dreams." We have had too many biographers of late "explaining" for instance, Proust and D. H. Lawrence and forgetting that what they had to say possessed its own validity but, despite occasional tartness, Professor Butler generally avoids this danger and her refusal to enthuse uncritically saves her analysis of Rilke's tortuous genius from the cloying character of too laudatory tributes. There are times, however, when she seems to overlook how objective Rilke could be in assessment of literary values and one feels tempted to recall that passage in his letter to Franz Xaver Kappus (*Briefe an einen jungen Dichter*) where he differentiates judicially between the right and the wrong use of irony.

BERNARD CAUSTON.

WORDS FOR MUSIC, by V. C. Clinton-Baddeley. *Cambridge University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The idea of writing this book emanated from a series of poetry readings produced for the B.B.C. by W. B. Yeats in 1937, with the co-operation of Mr. Clinton-Baddeley, and subsequent discussion with friends on the whole question of words for music. In this book the author sets out to show, by copious illustrations, that the art

of writing poetry and the art of writing words for music are entirely different.

Up to about the middle of the seventeenth century the poet and musician had a complete understanding of the technique and requirements of each other's art. Music was not yet a specialized concern but was practised and understood by every self-respecting Elizabethan of culture, and the musician likewise, as a matter of course, had a real appreciation of the art of poetry. The results of this happy collaboration are to be found in countless songs of the Renaissance, notably in those of John Dowland, Thomas Campion and John Wilbye.

There was, however, another reason for this mutual understanding. Music as a secular art was still in its infancy and musicians did not attempt to do more than interpret the poet. It was later, towards the end of the century, that the trouble began. The art of music was rapidly developing and becoming more elaborate, and it was not long before the poet was loudly complaining that the musician was distorting his meaning and rhythm by senseless elaborations and repetitions. There was certainly much justification for these complaints but the fault did not lie entirely with the musician. The poet, too, was developing his own independent style and, moreover, he was out of touch and sympathy with the technique of the new music. The natural result was that the musician, failing to find satisfaction from the contemporary poets, was compelled

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to turn to existing—and often quite unsuitable—words for his music. And so the estrangement began, an estrangement which has lasted ever since.

To remedy this unhappy state of affairs poet and musician must come to a new understanding, but before they can do this they must have a better knowledge of each other's requirements. Above all, the poet must realize that he is writing "words for music," a creation entirely different from poetry; indeed "words for music" are incomplete without the addition of music, and so each is dependent on the other.

The reader may find it difficult to agree with all the author's conclusions for there are many exceptions to the rule that the successful song must have the words written expressly for it, and he will regret that Mr. Clinton-Baddeley has not covered more ground—for instance, he hardly touches on opera or the great German song writers. But it is a book which he will thoroughly enjoy.

ELIZABETH VOSS.

THE CENTURY OF SCIENCE, 1840-1940, by F. Sherwood Taylor. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It would be strange if the history of the last one hundred years in its industrial, commercial, social and domestic aspects did not attract attention. It was a century of change. It was a century which for good or ill put into man's hand the power of science and enabled him to vaunt himself in his new found superiority. Looking at the balance sheet it is not difficult to count the credits. Science has made it possible to have plenty, science has made it possible to have long life and general good health, and science has, by its influence on transport and communications, made it possible for the visionaries to anticipate the time when the national state shall be politically and economically dead while the world state shall provide for the necessities of all.

But the debit side is equally substantial. If one may for one glorious moment brush aside the fascist states as the last expression of the reactionaries one is still faced with the apparent reluctance of the individual to plan for others as well as for himself.

Dr. Taylor in an interesting first chapter compares Francis Bacon's predictions concerning Science with the positive achievements of the last century. Bacon's reputation, if possible, is thereby enhanced and Dr. Taylor with few additional preliminary remarks sets himself the task of establishing the achievements and assessing their importance. He divides his chapter headings to include, "Transport and Communications," "The War against Dirt," "Modern Medicine and Public Health Services," "Wages and Conditions of Labour," "The Middle-Class Home," and "The Leisure Hours." Each chapter is a model of compressed knowledge, the solid fact being well coated with the engaging if still important detail. Dr. Taylor never allows himself to be dull however many pieces of information he may be arranging on one page. He has an especially entertaining chapter on "The Middle-Class Home" which he concludes with a description of the scientific flat of the future. "You don't like it?" he asks. "Very well; have it your own way, but don't complain about the housework."